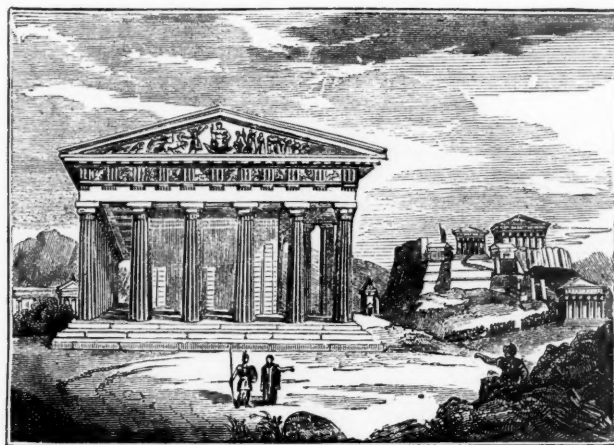


THE
A T H E N Æ U M
JOURNAL
OF
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AND THE DRAMA.

JULY TO DECEMBER,

1900.



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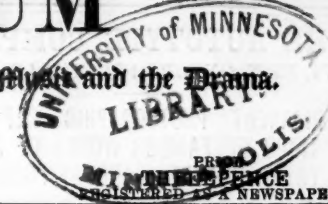
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THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, Music and the Drama.



No. 3793.

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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1900.

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CONTINENTAL LITERATURE,

July, 1899, to July, 1900.

BELGIUM.

ONE of the most important publications of the last twelve months is that of Émile Banning, who died in July, 1898, 'Réflexions Morales et Politiques,' published by his friend Ernest Gossart, of the Royal Library of Brussels. Banning was one of the few Belgians who, like Émile de Laveleye, are well in touch with all that is doing outside their country, and make their influence felt among foreigners. But whilst Laveleye achieved considerable reputation by means of his books and his contributions to the principal reviews of France and England, Banning remained in the half-light of the official and diplomatic world. He played a chief part in the foundation of the Congo State as fellow-worker with, and intimate adviser of, King Leopold II. for many years. He was also conspicuous for his work at the Berlin Conference, at least to diplomatists. But even in Belgium his doings were discreetly veiled. Hence the astonishment after his death at the discovery that he had written several of the most celebrated speeches of the King of the Belgians. Besides his well-known works on the partition of Africa, Banning left a number of manuscripts. The 'Réflexions' is the first of them to be published, and contains plenty of valuable matter, for Banning could both think and write.

The French poets and prose authors of Belgium who enjoy a reputation outside their country are becoming naturalized in France in increasing numbers. MM. Maeterlinck, Camille Lemonnier, Eeckhoud, and Rodenbach—the last died at Paris last year—have even settled in the French capital, which now sends forth their books instead of Ghent or Brussels or Antwerp. M. Lemonnier has published two novels, 'Une Femme' and 'Au Cœur frais de la Forêt'; M. Maeterlinck continues his series of philosophical compositions with 'Le Mystère de la Justice.' A collection of Rodenbach's work has appeared under the title of 'L'Élite,' containing the portraits of the authors and artists of

the day whom he considered the best. Among the prose writings of Belgians who have not quitted their country, I may notice the novel of M. A. de Poiseux, 'Le Peintre Gabriel,' the 'Amours Rustiques' of M. Hubert Krains, and 'La Route d'Émeraude,' by M. E. de Moldre, a crudely naturalistic novel in spite of its pretty title.

In Belgium the theatre lives almost entirely on pieces from France. However, some native attempts at drama are made every year. Thus M. Lemonnier has published a collection ('Le Mort,' 'Les Mains,' 'Les Yeux qui ont Vu'), and M. Verhaeren has been bold enough to attempt a drama in five acts of prose and verse, 'Le Cloître.' But these pieces are rather intended to be read than to be played.

M. Georges Barral began in 1897 a 'Collection de Poètes Français de l'Étranger.' So far he has not touched French Switzerland or French Canada, but devoted seven volumes to the French authors of Belgium. This year he has published in his collection 'Le Cerisier Fleuri' and 'Prométhée' of M. Iwan Gilkin, and the 'Poèmes Ipgénus' of Fernand Severin. The last volume contains a curious introduction by M. Georges Barral on what he calls "Les Francs littéraires de l'étranger."

Notable among the numerous works of travel of this year are the accounts by the Dominican, Father Portmans, of Egypt, Palestine, and Greece, and by M. van Overbergh of Greece and Turkey. The former chief magistrate of Brussels, M. Charles Buls, has published in all their freshness the impressions he brought back from the Belgian Congo; and so have other Belgians. M. Jules Leclercq, who visited South Africa shortly before the war, and interviewed Mr. Cecil Rhodes and other men of mark there, has presented an unbiassed and picturesque view of the 'Pays des Boers'; and in their interesting volume 'Controverse Transvaalienne' MM. Abel and Christophe have gathered the arguments for both sides as they appear to Belgium, where public opinion and the press mostly favour the Boers.

Two institutions which have been lately tried in Belgium have been the subjects of scholarly investigation. M. Fernand Payen has considered the "conseils de l'industrie et du travail," which the Catholic Government was persuaded by the great Liberal leader, Frère Orban, to introduce, as an attempt to prevent strikes and workmen's disputes; and M. Maxime Mauranges has written on the plural vote awarded in Belgium for some years to certain electors. By virtue of his education, fortune, or position as father of a family, a man may give two, three, or even four votes, whilst the unmarried, poor, or illiterate possess only one. Among educational books I may note a careful study of the teaching of geography in German universities by M. Halkin, and a collection of impressions gathered abroad of the higher teaching of history in Germany, England, Scotland, France, Holland, and Belgium made by the writer of this article (*Athen.* No. 3791).

We are as keen as usual about national history. 'L'Histoire de Belgique,' by M. Henri Pirenne, the German edition of which I noticed last year, has now appeared in French, its original form. The first volume

stops at the beginning of the fourteenth century, yet the book has made quite a sensation. More than a thousand copies have been sold in a few months, an unprecedented call for an erudite work in Belgium, where little is read and less bought. This success the author deserves, for he has made a new thing of his subject, and thrown light on all the potent out-ide influences of foreign nations and the economic history of our Flemish towns, which won a place in West Europe of the fourteenth century by their cloth manufacture. The other volumes are eagerly expected. Prof. Vanderkindere, of Brussels, has also presented the results of some totally new research in the first volume of his 'Histoire de la Formation Territoriale des Principautés Belges' in the Middle Ages; and M. van Houtte has derived a curious account of Flanders in the twelfth century from Galbertus of Bruges, a chronicler of the time, and attempted to elucidate the difficult question of the 'Kerels' of Flanders, while M. G. des Marez has thrown light upon mediæval commerce by his 'Lettre de Foire à Ypres au XIII^e Siècle.' The Abbé P. de Meuldre has shown us in the Augustinian Jean Angeli of Tournai a curious forerunner of Luther who opposed Papal indulgences. The archivist of Ghent, M. Vander Haeghen, has proved the spurious character of a number of documents which have been employed to construct the biographies of old Flemish painters, sculptors, and engravers. A. Thys has studied the religious persecution of the Catholic clergy in Belgium under the Directoire, 1798-9. The Jesuit Father L. Delplace has sketched, from the Catholic point of view, a picture of the reign of William I. in Belgium, from Waterloo to the Revolution of 1830. Prof. Brants has written the curious history of the University of Louvain, which was founded in the fifteenth century, suppressed by the Sans-Culottes at the end of the eighteenth, reorganized as a State University by King William in 1817, suppressed again by the revolutionists of 1830, and restored in 1834 to the position of a private establishment of the Catholic episcopate. M. Maurice Ansiaux has filled up a curious chapter in our economic annals by writing the history of the manufacture of firearms at Liège. The learned Bollandist M. Charles de Smedt, who has made a name by his researches in mediæval hagiography, has written on Mgr. Victor Finet, who founded a Belgian religious order. General Brialmont has printed a sympathetic account of his old friend Émile Banning mentioned above.

Nor have the history and literature of other nations been neglected. Prof. Chauvin, whose 'Bibliographie Arabe' is well known, has published a curious monograph on the Egyptian recension of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' J. Gilson has compared Roman law with other systems of old times, while Prof. van Wetter, of Ghent, has studied the family in Roman law and German law at the epoch of the Frankish monarchy. Prof. Cumont has finished his admirable work on the texts and monuments of the mysteries of Mithras, a little-known cult which made a brief resistance to the international influence of growing Christianity. It is a book of great power and remarkable erudition. In the form of

pithy dialogue Count Camille de Renesse discusses in 'Les Soirées de la Duchesse' all sorts of problems of theology and exegesis. M. Picard, the well-known jurist, in his 'Droit Pur,' and Prof. Prins, of Brussels, in his 'Science Pénale et Droit Positif,' have produced two solid works which may be recommended to students of law. In 'Terre Germanique' M. J. G. Freson has sketched some very interesting impressions of the art, manners, and politics of the Germany and Austria of to-day. Prof. Discailles has told the well-filled life of General Henrard, well known for his mastery of the theory of war and as an historian. M. van Keymeulen has produced a delightful volume of literary criticism on the principal Flemish and Dutch authors of recent years.

By the side of French writing in Belgium Flemish literature continues to flourish. The past year has deprived us of two veteran poets of note, Gezelle and Hiel. The former wrote in the *patois* of West Flanders, and was the head of a school now disappearing. Emmanuel Hiel was the most fertile poet of Flemish Belgium. Some of his cantatas, set to music by the great Flemish composer Peter Benoit and by others, are particularly tuneful. There is no danger of poetry dying out in Flanders. Among a crowd of names I may notice the small collection of M. Rafaël Verhulst, 'Langs groene Wegen,' and especially that of M. René de Clercq, 'Echós,' as full of promise. The latter is already brilliantly successful in the sonnet, a form of verse fashionable in Flemish Belgium and also in Holland.

Prose, too, can show many novelists—Mlle. Hilda Ram, MM. F. van Cuyck, J. van Hoorde, J. de Bock, and others. A political veteran, M. Julius de Vigne, who sits for Ghent, has surprised the public by producing a collection of short stories, some of which are truly remarkable. M. H. de Marez possesses plenty of talent, but has rather lost his way in 'De Zee,' wherein he falls into the unhealthy and risky sort of subjects associated chiefly with the name of Zola. The chief of the younger Flemish prose-writers, M. Cyriel Buyssse, has collected some previously published sketches in 'Te Lande.' Some of them possess distinction and are remarkable for their style.

Last year the city of Ghent opened a great Flemish theatre—there was one already at Antwerp and Brussels—and there has been a large supply of Flemish dramas. The most successful has proved to be 'Veva,' a piece dealing with contemporary manners, by M. G. de Mey, which contains many pretty scenes, and was well played at the Ghent theatre.

Among books of travel I may notice that of F. Vande Wattijne in Norway, the letters of the Catholic missionary A. Vyncke on Central Africa, and the journey of M. P. de Mey to Stanley Pool. M. Pol de Mont published an admirably illustrated book on Van Dyck on the occasion of the very striking exhibition of his works last year at Antwerp, which formed a sort of pendant to the Rembrandt exhibition at Amsterdam. M. Max Rooses is responsible for a similar publication splendidly illustrated, which is devoted to the contemporary masters of painting in Holland and Belgium.

As usual, there are plenty of monographs

dealing with local history, by MM. F. de Potter, J. Broeckaert, and others. The most important volume of this sort is the 'Geschiedenis van de Stad Leuven' of M. Herman Vander Linden, which brings out clearly the municipal organization of Louvain and its economic situation in the time of its chief glory, the Middle Ages. M. Nap. de Pauw, the well-known lawyer, has published some important documents on the rivalry in cloth-working between Ypres and Poperinghe in the fourteenth century. The author of this article has in the fourth volume of his 'Corpus Inquisitionis Neerlandicæ' collected the documents of the beginning of Charles V.'s reign. M. H. de Marez in his book 'Nieuwe Paden' reviews the chief authors of the new school in Holland and Flemish Belgium. Prof. F. van Veerdeghe, of Liège, has discovered at the Copenhagen Library a long life of Ste. Lutgarde in mediæval Flemish verse, and published it, as well as several theatrical pieces of the seventeenth century. These last were discovered at Hasselt, and are edited by him, with the assistance of M. O. Vanden Daele. Prof. C. Lecoutere, of Louvain, has also printed from a Paris manuscript a collection of mediæval religious songs. For their contributions to the philology of the Netherlands MM. J. Jacobs and L. Goemaes, not to mention others, deserve notice.

From the above list it will be gathered that Flemish literature, which began by being at first merely popular and poetical, is gradually becoming learned. The professors of our universities are beginning to write their books in their mother tongue. Besides those I have noticed important Flemish works appeared last year dealing with botany, chemistry, electricity, and pedagogy. The Flemish even dream of forming at Ghent a university of their own, like the Slav University the Czechs of Bohemia have had for some years at Prague. Whatever comes of the scheme, no one can deny that the level of Flemish literature is gradually but surely rising year by year.

Finally, I may mention two small works—one in English, one in German—which are likely to be of great interest to English readers: 'The English Faust-book of 1592,' edited by Prof. Logeman, of Ghent, and 'Was dachte Shakespeare über Poesie?' by M. Paul Hamelius, a young professor who has already done good work in Flemish history and English criticism.

PAUL FREDERIOQ.

BOHEMIA.

I SHOULD like to begin my report of Bohemian literature for 1898 and 1899 with words Mr. Kipling used to one of his visitors: "I feel that we are now between ebb and flood. It is what the mariners call the dead point. We are waiting for a great personage who will unite the small currents of the time, and will concentrate all the scattered little powers into one which will give new and appropriate utterance to the present age." In all branches of mental activity Bohemia is making fresh starts, energetic attempts at novel forms and developments. The older generation is passing away, people who in their day have done their duty in different departments of

science and literature; but we are still waiting for a man capable of shaping something new out of the chaos of modern tendencies. For this reason also the majority of our authors' tendencies are characterized by general rather than by individual qualities, and only very few books rise above the average level.

Of our scientific literature it is, of course, impossible to give an account in this limited space. Masaryk's essay on the social question has been reviewed already in these columns. 'Some Chapters on Recent French Fiction,' by Vrchlický, and several short chapters from the 'History of our Poetry,' by Jaroslav Vlček, may be mentioned; but generally literary criticism shows a great lack of depth and elaboration, yet at the same time plenty of cursory studies and interesting struggles between the several tendencies of our younger writers. A large systematic work on the history of universal literature is in preparation, but as yet nothing can be said about its execution. Pedagogic literature has been enriched by two elaborate studies: one, by F. Drtina, explaining in detail the history and development of French schools; the other, by F. Safránek, describing the origin and growth of schools in Bohemia, and the difficulties they had to meet.

In historical literature particular attention is devoted to the development of civilization and art. Amongst the newest publications two are noteworthy, in which I. Peisker and K. Kadlec discuss the community of land among the old Slavonians. Kadlec looks upon it as a home-bred Slavonian institution, whereas Peisker stands up for the new theory that it arose from the influence of the Roman and Byzantine systems of taxation. The Bohemian Academy continues its systematic description of all the artistic objects of Bohemia. Some parts of K. B. Mádl's 'History of Art' have appeared after a long pause.

Of art publications I may further mention a fine collection of successful water colours by Jansa representing views of old corners in Prague. The origin and popularity of this work are due to the sharp struggle we have had to secure the protection of ancient buildings and other interesting monuments of the city, which were being rather ruthlessly destroyed of late years. The same tendency is responsible for another not less expensive work, Dr. Teige's 'Description and History of the Memorable Oldtown-Ring of Prague,' the scene of the execution of the national leaders in 1621.

Bibliography, I regret to say, is most deficient, but at least one satisfactory book has appeared, the first part of a 'Bibliography of History,' compiled by Č. Zibrt. It is to be hoped that further parts as well as bibliographies of other branches of learning may soon follow, and refute the false statistics which have appeared lately in Germany about Bohemian literature, most recently in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, of which the tendency is distinctly depreciatory.

Popular literature has many adherents in Bohemia who work in a double way. On the one hand they collect traditions, on the other they publish good reading matter for the people. In Moravia a prominent place is taken by a large volume of

ballads and songs compiled and published by F. Bartoš, who has already given us several similar collections, and is indefatigable in gathering material among his countrymen. In Bohemia we have to register two efforts of the same kind, by K. Weiss and Novotný, to gather national songs of the south country, adding the melodies. I must not forget 'Popular Documents,' another interesting publication which Mrs. Sebesta has brought out, an attempt to collect sayings and thoughts of the peasantry of Southern Moravia. She has succeeded in accumulating really rare and rich materials for the study of popular character.

For the near future two great undertakings are promised. Our geographers are preparing a large atlas; and a work on the 'Cultural and Social Development of the Bohemian Nation in the Nineteenth Century' is to be published, which will present an interesting picture of the really marvellously rapid revival of a comparatively small, but intelligent nation.

Of *belles-lettres* it is hard to report satisfactorily. The older authors who have already secured honourable places in the history of our literature remain quiet, and are mostly occupied in publishing collections of their own works. Svatopluk Čech has begun his with interesting autobiographic reminiscences of his younger days, which have appeared for the first time in the form of a book under the title 'Second Blossoms'; Vrchlický writes critical essays and fine translations, and has besides printed a new collection of poems, 'Gods and Men'; Heyduk has issued in the last volume of his collected works short historical ballads, 'In the Dawn of the Past.' Of the younger school, J. S. Machar has published several scattered poems on his journey to the Crimea, and an enlarged edition of his first poetical collection, 'Confiteor,' which caused no small stir when it appeared some years ago. Besides, three noteworthy volumes of O. Březina's—'Mystic Distances,' 'Dawn in the West,' and 'The Builders of the Temple'—deserve mention. The number of volumes of verse is not decreasing. Our youngest poets are especially busy, and in many of them the promise is notable; but, on the whole, it is not easy to say that any of their books can be pointed out as an original or mature work.

In fiction, as always, the short story is dominant, yet novels of some length have appeared. History, however, and the conventional life of society, formerly mostly adopted as the groundwork of fiction, are in a great degree abandoned for studies of social problems, though as yet no work has appeared which can be pronounced a complete success. A kind of fiction cultivated in Bohemia with uncommon predilection is the tale of popular life, embracing scenes from the life of Bohemian peasantry, directly drawn from different parts of the country, and possessing a local colour. Of such we have a great number, not only from Bohemia, but also from Moravia and the Slovaks of Upper Hungary. The most successful of them are Mrštik's sketches from a Slovak village, which have appeared in a monthly magazine under the title 'A Year in a Village.' They are fresh and true, neither flattering the people nor con-

cealing their less admirable qualities, and at the same time are told in really artistic style and with great power. Accurate observation and great veracity are also to be detected in Rais's stories of the same kind. Of the long list of other story-tellers I can mention only J. Sumín (the pseudonym of a lady), who has published under the title 'Through Rocks and Cliffs' several tales displaying knowledge of character; Kronbauer, who prefers sensational subjects and exciting scenes; and Slejhar's 'In the Twilight of the Hearth.'

Among books of travel there is little of interest: the first part of a richly illustrated work by the well-known E. Vráz, who begins the description of his wanderings over the world with a 'Journey across Tropical America'; then an account of travels by Kořenský; and smaller accounts by other men of journeys through Montenegro and Galicia.

Dramatic literature is now on the eve of a new era caused by the change in the working of the national theatre in Prague. The management passes this year into the hands of a new society consisting of the foremost men in the literary and financial world. Much enterprise is expected of them with regard to the production of dramas and operas, and great changes in the stage arrangements. The building of another large theatre in Prague is being energetically prepared for, and serious attention is paid to the improvement of the stage in other large towns, so that dramatic literature may hope for a better future. As yet none of the new plays rises above the average. A great stir was caused among the critics by 'The Exiles,' a play by a young author, Hilbert, which did not reach the stage, and, on the whole, did not meet with general approbation. Besides this an odd piece in verse by Svoboda, 'Passion-flowers,' and the same author's attempt at a psychological play 'The Uprooted Oak,' deserve mention; also F. A. Simáček's drama, which obtained the prize in a competition and will be produced during the next theatrical season.

V. TILLE.

DENMARK.

THE last twelve months have been as fertile as any of their predecessors in almost all fields of literary activity. Authors are too numerous even to be named, works too numerous to be recorded or criticized. Sometimes I find myself asking if the reading public is not lost in a period when everybody is writing. The old times, when a tale or a song was a thing to be remembered for ever, repeated, and transmitted, how far away they are! and sometimes I wonder if in this profusion of literature anything will be kept in mind beyond the day which created it, or if we had not better humbly console ourselves with the thought of being the simple singers of an idle day. There are some few books, of course, which rise above the general level, which are not likely to be replaced and made superfluous directly by newer creations of the same kind.

In the field of art criticism I must mention first and foremost a work of Prof. Julius Lange, lately deceased, a most brilliant student of different periods and styles.

His book treats of "the human figure in the history of art from the best period of Greek art"—a treatise admirable for learning and study, and especially for the sagacity which has led the author safely through the mazes of art to the discovery of the laws of artistic development. A brother of his has written a volume filled with reminiscences of the deceased Danish poet Frederik Paludan-Müller, one of the finest poets Denmark ever had, not so much for his refinement of language as for his solemn, earnest, and penetrating thought.

A new collected edition of Georg Brandes's works, containing his essays on Danish as well as on foreign literature, has just been published, and has carried his fame into wider circles than he secured at first.

Julius Clausen, of the Royal Library at Copenhagen, is editing a literary history of the world, a task in which he is aided by many of our best students of foreign literature, each country being treated by one writer. The work, which is not yet finished, is based for the greater part on original study, and nothing of the kind has been done here before. It is profusely illustrated. I must also note that Prof. Peter Hansen is bringing out a new (second) edition of his 'History of Danish Literature,' from the oldest times up to to-day. It has aroused considerable curiosity, especially now the author has reached our own days, and for the first time given an account of the latest literary efforts. Upon the whole he must be praised for the impartiality he has displayed in a rather difficult task. A large new 'History of the Danish Kingdom,' which is the collected work of some of our most profound students of history, also deserves high praise for its correctness and learning, and it is written in a style which may be called most readable. It is not nearly finished yet; on the contrary, it will be years before it is completed.

As for travels, Daniel Bruun has written an excellent volume, entitled 'Africa: its Discovery, Conquest, and Colonization.' The author, a Danish officer, is the same man who has arranged a collection of objects from the Danish colonies, especially Iceland and Greenland, at the Paris Exhibition. His book on Africa is highly interesting and instructive.

The 'Danish Folk-Songs' from the Middle Ages have appeared in a new cheap edition by Axel Olrik and Miss Falbe-Hansen, which contains, it must be admitted, only a small selection of them, but they are accompanied by many valuable explanations and an excellent essay upon the conditions under which they arose. Every student of Scandinavian folk-lore, indeed of popular poetry in general, ought to secure this little volume.

In fiction a long list might be drawn up. Drachmann, the great lyricist, has written a volume of prose, but with many poems inserted, called 'The Holy Fire.' The fire, however, is by no means of the brightest, but there is still a faint trace, like a sunset glow, of what the author once was. However, he never was a great prose-writer. Carit Etlar (a pseudonym for Carl Brosbøll), the oldest of Danish authors, who was buried a few weeks ago, published last year a new book, 'Bjørnøet,' containing many highly interesting incidents tinged with a romantic

colouring. The scene is laid in Norway some hundred years ago. A quiet but beautiful book is Johan Skjoldborg's 'Kragehuset,' which presents a picture of peasant life on the western coast of Jutland. He knows the peasants there as scarcely any other man does, being himself settled among them as a teacher.

A drama by Ernst von der Recke, 'Queen Eigra,' a play which is founded on old English tradition from the time of King Arthur, although the greater part of the plot is invented by the author himself, deserves mention. It is written in a refined style, now perhaps a little out of date. Edv. Blaumüller has published a volume of verse in which a whole cycle of songs is devoted to Spinoza, the great philosopher and pious doubter. Blaumüller's verses are rather surprising for a clergyman, because they contain so much gloomy and bitter philosophy. A truly Danish book, especially a Copenhagen book, is the play 'Moderate Fun,' by Otto Benzon, the author of 'A Scandal,' which has, I think, been acted in England and Germany. It is funny, but very empty. Yet, I am sorry to say, it has been the chief attraction of the season at our Royal Theatre, because most people to-day only want a good laugh.

Of novels I may mention Pontoppidan's 'Lykke-Peer,' a long work in many parts, giving, I should say, the author's own history from childhood to manhood with a little too much circumstantiality. A new-comer in our literature is Gyrithe Lemche, who has printed 'The Sins of the People,' treating of a most delicate subject. The book is earnestly written, and not with a view to create a sensation among a certain public which is always on the look-out for volumes on dubious themes. A most serious and momentous effort is Edvard Egeberg's 'Before the Portal of Death,' a description of the change produced in a man's thoughts and feelings when he suddenly finds himself face to face with death. Carl Ewald has produced a volume of 'Fairy Tales.' They are moulded out of matter different from that formerly popular for fairy tales. They are all of his own devising, and founded on facts from natural history and the study of animal life in field and moors. Such fairy tales have nowadays become popular in Denmark. Another author, Kappel-Böcker, has published a collection of 'Fairy Tales,' much of the same kind, in which there is a brilliancy of fancy and humour which makes them suitable not only for children, but for men and women as well. Victor Stuckenberg also writes fairy tales and legends, and publishes them under the name of 'Bread by the Way,' though they are certainly not found by the wayside, being a little artificial and rather high-flown.

As a readable and praiseworthy work I may note Theodor Bierfreund's 'Rembrandt,' a spirited study of the great Dutch painter and his work. The author has taken a great deal of trouble to see as much of Rembrandt's work as possible, and the result is a monograph by a well-informed student, perhaps now and then a little too daring in his judgments. ALFRED IPSEN.

FRANCE.

WHILE France was preparing with feverish energy for the Universal Exhibition which is to gather up the industrial and artistic effort of an entire century, while a new town was rising on the banks of the Seine, literature was not, whatever people may think, keeping holiday. Without risking an accusation of being paradoxical, one may say that literary production has never slackened. It is true also to say that literary men regard the Universal Exhibition somewhat mistrustfully and sceptically. The examination of the reasons for this want of enthusiasm would certainly be curious and interesting, but, however attractive it might prove, it would carry me too far from my purpose, which is to exhibit the movement of literature in France since July last.

I must first consider various theatrical pieces of the year. We are tired, quite tired, of the brutal or bitter or immoral sort of piece. This style has become dreadfully commonplace. To do realism justice, it has rendered a real service to letters: it has done away with the cult of the vaudeville, which has had so many faithful followers since Scribe was its chief prophet. We have learnt to despise ingenious combinations, elaborate imbroglis. People have, it appears, an increasing fondness for ideas at the theatre—ideas belonging to psychology, morals, philosophy, sociology. I will not go so far as to say that the French theatre is confined to idealism. The statement would be untrue, and this chronicle of the chief pieces will have to notice attempts of quite a different sort. It would, for instance, be a strange misconception to rank 'Les Maris de Léontine,' the comedy of M. Alfred Capus, among pieces of ideas. M. Capus has hit upon a true character dramatic to the highest degree. Léontine, the heroine of the piece, is one of the best figures in comedy that I have come across for a long time. Certainly the complications and meetings imagined by M. Capus are nothing but vaudeville, but the consequences of these doings are created by the characters. Thanks to his *finesse* and adroitness, the author has managed to unite a real vaudeville and a real character comedy without their injuring one another in the process. Neither is the piece of MM. E. Dupré and Paul Charton, 'Le Père Naturel,' a vaudeville of the classic sort. Their subject recalls Dumas the younger, and the way it is treated reminds one of Labiche. The problem here concerns the natural and the legal father. Their purpose is to study the conflict of nature and society, which is, indeed, the essential drama of the history of man. After having completely spoilt the brief of the natural father, the authors have weakened and made fun of that of the legal father, for they have been wanting in courage and confidence in the public, and have thought it right to mix with their problem complicated incidents which could neither explain nor assist its solution. Still their attempt is notable as it is easy to discover in it the intention to put an idea into the catastrophe of a vaudeville. The attempt of M. L. Bruyère at the problem play is much less half-hearted. In his play 'En Paix' he attacks the law on the confinement of the insane. The idea is odd enough. I am well aware that in his

choice of such a subject the author is echoing a particular discussion of the day. When ought a madman to be separated from humanity? To what rules ought one to submit him if one is forced to have recourse to seclusion? This question is daily discussed in the press, and quite recently a book full of solid fact, based on documents and abounding in pathos, the 'En Démence' of M. Paul Bru, gave a lively picture of the fearful tortures endured by an unhappy man locked up in an asylum by a proud and obstinate doctor. M. Bruyère could not then have chosen a more "actual" subject, but he condemned himself to write a deep-dyed melodrama. So his play, with its considerable improbability and affectation of measures of reform, has met with but moderate favour. M. Jacques Normand leads us to calmer regions. The problem he has intended to study in 'La Douceur de Croire' is this: "Have you the right to destroy faith if you have nothing to put in its place?" Reasoning is powerless to resolve problems whose essential elements are beyond reason. The author wishes to prove that faith is good and a sovereign comforter, and that no man has the right to tear it from the human heart and put a suffering in its place new to his fellow-creatures. The great quality of this work is sincerity. Here the artifices of poetical rhetoric find no place; M. Normand has let his imagination, his heart, and his convictions speak. He has known how to interest us, touch us, charm us by the simplicity and grace of his talent for poetry, make us desire and love faith. M. Brieux in 'La Robe Rouge' proves once more his lively gifts. He has exhibited in some scenes of real power the distortions of soul in a magistrate due to the professional spirit. M. Brieux in all his pieces puts before one the most pressing social and moral problems of the day with a keen sense of life, and his boldness is almost always crowned with success. He despises the common proceedings by which authors in vogue capture the applause of the gallery. He devotes his talents to a hazardous and thankless kind of play, the "pièce à thèse." We ought to be most grateful to him for altogether rejecting the technique of the vaudeville.

Although there is no intellectual relationship between M. Brieux and M. Abel Hermant, it is convenient not to separate them here. M. Hermant also looks out for "actual" subjects. He has given us 'L'Empreinte' and 'Le Faubourg.' The first can be without hesitation reckoned a "pièce à thèse." 'L'Empreinte' belongs to the daily increasing list of pieces against divorce. If one wished to be ironical, it would be pleasant to observe how the dramatists, after having advertised divorce, now seem to exert a keenness in fighting against it as great as the energy, audacity, and enthusiasm with which they celebrated its benefits. The authors would have the right to reply that they cannot be eternally supporting the same causes, and that it is their business to look for dramatic situations, that is to say, those in which manners are in opposition with natural laws. It is not the place here to examine the soundness of their defence. M. Hermant has wished to show that

divorce, followed by a second marriage, inflicts moral loss on a woman—that, far from being her safety, it is and must be her ruin. Herein lies the real argument against divorce, and M. Hermant's great abilities have contributed much to bring it out strongly. He makes one enjoy his sober and precise style, his clear and vigorous way of thinking. The play is his masterpiece so far, and its entire success will make him forget that his other piece, 'Le Faubourg,' has not been a triumph. It contains, I must say, pleasant scenes and plenty of wit. It leads me to the plays of MM. Maurice Vaucaille and Pierre Weber and M. Donnay, with whom M. Hermant shares several qualities. 'Petit Chagrin,' by the two first named, is one of those comedies which admit of nothing but smiles and melancholy. Writers of this sort are not optimists, neither are they pessimists or misanthropes, like Henri Becque. The public is afraid of persons who laugh at themselves, because it thinks they are capable of laughing at it. Now, as these disillusioned persons think that nothing is worth the trouble of making into "histoires," the result is drama without intrigue, drama in which nothing happens, purely psychological pieces. Of such is the comedy of MM. Vaucaille and Pierre Weber. M. Donnay has avoided this danger by showing that his irony is quite superficial, and by accentuating the sentimental note in 'Education de Prince.' He has sometimes shown more tenderness and emotion, never more *esprit*. His piece might be called the theatrical success of the year, if 'L'Aiglon' did not claim the first place with a better right. Since the extraordinary success of 'Cyrano,' a passionate curiosity follows the works of M. Rostand. In 'L'Aiglon' he has resolutely left fiction alone, and the methods of Dumas the elder and Victor Hugo. His idea is, in a series of well-chosen scenes, to bring out the real figure of the son of Napoleon. He has made up for the absence of incident by a strong precise psychological analysis, thus imitating the great classics. M. Rostand has written an unequal, but splendid work, full of pathetic beauty, with a breath, at times, of Victor Hugo's epic genius. If he sins in any direction, it is in excessive facility, in the over-use of comparison and metaphor. A superabundance of poetic images also marks the style of M. Jean Richepin, who has this year produced 'La Gitane,' a four-act play in prose. M. Richepin is a poet; he has chosen a subject giving ample scope for his qualities. More than one critic has said that 'La Gitane' is unbearable, and even incomprehensible. What can be said is that M. Richepin's drama is neither better nor worse than its predecessors. He has reached fame through poetry; he would have done better with it, perhaps, if he had not ventured into the theatre, and I should have liked to praise him among the poets, who must now be discussed.

The tendencies of the poets are not very clearly defined. Their common aim seems to be to put ideas into poetry, but broad ideas which are the expression of the most intimate personality, which render the deep vibrations resulting from being in contact with things and faced by the great enigma of life. The evolution of versification is going on. The

romantic reform is being completed by the banishment of the last traces of *cæsura* of the hemistich in the verses which are not expressly formed on the classical type. The aim is to make verse still more supple, and capable of finer, more clearly expressive harmonies. A medium between prose and verse is sought for. No work of genius has resulted from this attempt, although I would not imply that the poetic production of the year is altogether mediocre. The works of MM. Fernand Gregh and Henri de Régnier are sufficient to prove the opposite. The former, under the brave title 'La Beauté de Vivre,' has written simple verses on simple thoughts. This poet deserves praise for knowing what he is doing. His purpose is to protest against complicated and esoteric poetry. He succeeds perfectly. He does not believe that poetry ought to remain the subtle game of the fastidious, closely confined within inaccessible rules of aesthetics. He goes to life for his inspiration. He praises life, he is full of confidence in action. His poems are coloured with genial optimism. M. Henri de Régnier is one of the masters of free verse, and one of the promoters of the new prosody. In 'Les Médailles d'Argile' he has shown that he could also, if he chose, write perfect regular verses, following the rules usage has consecrated, with very rich rhymes, correctly coupled. Even when he seems to wish to be a docile "parnassien" he exhibits the essential gift which marks him as different from other poets, his extraordinary powers of imagery. Ideas present themselves to him under a plastic coloured form; he is a poet in all the finest meanings of the word. A true poet, too, is M. André Rivoire, who in 'Berthe aux Longs Pieds' has resumed the old story the Middle Ages have so often told. He has embroidered it with most fantastic imaginings of great charm. His verses show grace, sweetness, and skill. He repeatedly obtains new effects by rhythm, the invention of piquant rhymes, and the delicacy of his sentiment. To a legend also M. Viélé Griffin has gone for inspiration. He has published 'La Légende Ailée de Wieland le Forgeron.' This poem is one of his finest, most powerful, most profound performances. Its simple composition, following the harmonious development of the idea, carries us by degrees to the final apotheosis. The pretty variety of the rhythm is adapted to the different episodes of the poem, which are delicate, gay, moving, and sublime in turn. M. Griffin is an original poet. Originality is a quality the more admirable for its rarity, especially in poetry. M. Maurice Olivaint, for instance, who has published 'Fleurs de Corail,' follows the pure Parnassian tradition, but his collection of verse would have possessed much greater charm if it did not recall so directly the work of M. de Hérédia. In 'Fleurs de Corail' the delicious island of Tahiti is presented with real intensity, with the longing to return that its distant beauty inspires and all the sweetness of its easy life. M. Olivaint uses with skill the Parnassian style, he writes it with distinction; but it must be confessed that this excellent instrument has served a good many turns, and is beginning to weary the reader. If one doubted it, one would only have to go through several volumes of this last year's poetry. We are awaiting a transformation,

a rejuvenation. It would, I think, be sheer illusion to expect the change from M. Armand Silvestre, whose tongue is too soft and too easy, though he knows how to write love verses. His volume, 'Fleurs d'Hiver,' will open no new paths to poetic inspiration, but it will please all those who are votaries of love, a numerous class in France. I cannot mention in this annual review several works which are not lacking in merit, but I must notice 'Aux Champs et au Foyer,' by M. Achille Millien. The author is a poet by race, one of the writers who do honour to French literature by the completeness of their talent. In his book he has made excellent use of that familiar poetry discreetly fashioned in which a note of sensibility makes unexpectedly so great an impression. With a deep sense of rural life, and a personal accent of his own, he sings of his native village, the nourishing earth, the splendour of the summers, the melancholy of the autumns. He is interested in the apparently monotonous and united existence of the peasants; one feels that he knows them and loves them. I must mention briefly 'La Bretagne Enchantée,' by M. Paul Sébillot, who borrows from the old Breton legends a grave and mysterious poesy, and 'La Charmille d'Or,' by M. A. Joubert, finely written, full of imagery, brilliancy, and colour.

Our century is so infatuated with the novel that it is not strange to see novelists multiplying at a rate really frightful. They swarm. When a young man has an idea in his head he wishes to spread abroad, or even when he has not one, he writes a novel. Once the proper beginning in letters was a volume of verse, now it is a novel. This kind of writing, which our country has always idolized and seen immortalized by masterpieces, is to-day become the most popular and most appreciated form of literature, so I need not say that the year's novelists have been extremely numerous. The statement is easy to make: much more difficult is it to define the actual tendencies of the French novel. One fact is evident, for every year brings fresh proof of it: there is no school, a fact which cannot be regretted. Every one goes his own way—follows his ideal, his own bent, as he chooses. Every one is innovating or imitating as his innate temperament or his lively affection directs. The masters of the French novel continue to write, and I have to salute the names Bourget, Margueritte, Barrès, Rod, and Zola.

M. Bourget has felt that the hour is at hand for him when an author, if he is not to fall back on repetition and remake his novels, must change himself. His previous novels were full of curious and true details, delicate anatomy of unusual feelings, digressions from the moralist's point of view of great distinction, or even rapid reflections, in which we recognized a moralist of unusual skill and singular penetration, but M. Bourget in those works remained, before all things, a psychologist; minutely with power and depth he depicted souls, states of souls, transformations of souls. To-day, with his book 'Drames de Famille,' M. Bourget becomes a moralist. The time has come when simple undiluted statements of fact do not satisfy him. The study of the human heart leaves an uneasiness, and as by living

near the sick one gets the desire to care for them, the psychologist is being moved with pity for the poor suffering souls whose wounds he examined at first with mere curiosity. Having seen souls suffer, he attempts to cure them with beliefs. He leaves to the critics the philosophic analysis of these beliefs; if he finds them beneficial, that is enough for him. This not unexpected transformation in M. Bourget's activity has permitted him to display the same qualities of strength which we admired in his other works. Nor do the brothers Marguerite, in their novel 'Femmes Nouvelles,' aim at merely amusing their readers. They wish to oblige them to verify and correct some of the gravest errors, some of the worst injustices, of our contemporary civilization. So their book, before being a work of art, is a social work. The feminist movement, which was for a long time tabooed in Protestant countries, is gaining ground gradually in Latin and Catholic countries. We are face to face with a stream of ideas which agitate, and will continue to agitate, modern society, and which the novelists—those "doctors in social sciences," as Balzac called them—have no right to leave unnoticed. Among the more or less debatable claims of the feminists, MM. Marguerite have confined themselves to claiming for the young girl the right to a free choice of a husband. M. Barrès also aspires to something very different from the writing of novels to refresh the soul of his contemporaries. 'L'Appel au Soldat' is the sequel to 'Les Déracinés.' This book is the second number of the trilogy in which he has taken on himself the story of a phase of our political history of to-day. It is the book of a social historian. Nor does M. Édouard Rod neglect ideas. Quite the contrary. In his somewhat dry, but solid and interesting novels, he knows how to bring before us, with pathetic effect, the substance of contemporary feelings and the nature of the most harassing problems, but he who would be at once moralist and novelist has a difficult place to fill. M. Rod's latest novel, 'Au Milieu du Chemin,' bears marks of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of this kind of thing. The author here studies the important question of the responsibility of the man of letters. The book derives a great beauty from the gravity of the subject alone, but the novel spoils the moral treatment, and *vice versa*. M. Marcel Prévost in 'Frédérique' and 'Léa,' two novels that supplement one another, has had the desire to write philosophical fiction. He is to be congratulated on having yielded to the current which is carrying his fellows to the study of social themes. He has attacked the "question féministe," or rather he has taken up a portion of it; his characters are thrown into strong relief by his dramatic power, and their experiences are vividly related. M. Zola in 'Fécondité' exhibits once more the strength of his gifts. In his latest volume, as in almost all his others, one cannot help admiring the extraordinary powers of his imagination, the gift he has of creating great wholes, of painting crowds of stirring people all alive, thrilled, carried away by great movements, roused by great agitations to revolt. His novel is a poem, a highly realistic poem. Its descriptions are intense, brilliant, winding off into visions. It moves towards

the organization of a vast allegory, disengaging more or less confusedly a social conception whose chief merit is not originality. The novel of M. Zola gives me a chance to note once more that the realist school, of which he is the chief, has seen its day. The preferences of young men entering letters are not for the literary doctrines of M. Zola, and few are the books which can be referred to realism, if one prefers naturalism. It is fair, however, not to forget 'Le Jardin des Supplices,' by M. Octave Mirbeau. The pessimism familiar to the realistic novelists of this last quarter of the century does not take with M. Mirbeau a cold or conventional form. In this book of bitter reality, which presents so many troublous pictures, there abound beauties of dream, of symbol and emotion. What is often said of M. Zola's romances may be repeated of this book of M. Mirbeau. It is romantic realism. It is certainly no poor year as far as romantic literature is concerned, for it has seen novels by M. Henri de Régnier, MM. Léon and Ernest Daudet, M. Camille Lemonnier, M. André Theuriet, and M. Augustin Filon.

The critics generally said hard things about M. de Régnier's novel 'La Double Maîtresse.' To many it seemed a great mistake. It disconcerted those who, from the author's poems, had formed a more or less precise and definite opinion of his gifts, and shunned the trouble of revising it. A more suitable attitude is to admire the wonderful suppleness of this varied and complex writer, who cannot be hit off in a formula. M. de Régnier in 'La Double Maîtresse' tells a sad and disquieting story, unfolded amongst a tumult of incidents, anecdotes, and intrigues, with a marvellous eighteenth-century grace. It is one of the most original, curious, and distinguished productions of the year. M. Léon Daudet supplies in 'La Romance du Temps Présent' a romance somewhat full and overloaded, but sufficiently vigorous in conception. It is a bizarre, unnatural, curious work of no school. From his long study of the Restoration, which has produced so many fine historical works, M. Ernest Daudet has derived a new novel, 'La Princesse de Lerne.' This time it is an idyl of love developing among the sudden turns of a dark drama of police, and at the same time a faithful picture of the manners of a time with which he has done as much to familiarize us as anybody. M. Lemonnier does not belong to the new generation which immediately followed Goncourt, Zola, Flaubert, and Daudet. His novel 'Au Cœur frais de la Forêt' is a transcription of the masterpiece of Longus. This book has symbolical tendencies. More than a novel, it is a gospel—the gospel of those who are tormented by the suffering of the town, the horrors of present society, and who, seeing the evil resulting from the progressive energy of ages, dream of a return to the primeval forests of humanity at its birth. It is an admirable poem. M. Theuriet, as M. Marcel Prévost declares, is one of the best novelists of the day, one of the most certain to survive. This opinion is fully justified; the collection of short stories M. Theuriet has published, 'Claudette,' will in most cases bear comparison with the masterpieces of George Sand. In 'Sous la Tyrannie' M. Filon has written a

sketch of the Second Empire in the last days of Napoleon III. The author ventures on politics, a dangerous game for a novelist, but from the literary point of view his story is remarkable. His work is well and solidly constructed, finely observed, and strongly ironical.

It has become a commonplace to notice the superabundance of works of literary criticism. This inundation is viewed in more than one quarter as a plague of the time, and perhaps people will laugh at our century for leaving behind less books well made than books devoted to considering other books. Still it may be said that our century has almost created criticism, and that notable power has been, and will be, devoted to making it distinguished. In the first rank of those who continue this fine tradition I must place M. Émile Faguet. He seems to steer clear carefully of general theories, mere erudition, and anecdotes. He presents curious studies of minds. His one aim is to distinguish and define the moral existences which are revealed by works, and all these mixtures of temperaments, intelligence, and affections are analyzed by him with fine precision. He has published this year two important works, 'L'Histoire de la Littérature Française' and 'Politiques et Moralistes du XIX^{ème} Siècle.' The former is notable for immense learning, originality of view, abundance of ideas, and, above all, lucidity, wonderful distinctness of exposition. M. Faguet takes our national literature back to its most distant beginnings. He follows it through the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the classic period, and the present day. To his usual merits M. Faguet here adds the charm of a graceful brevity, a kind of conciseness and rapidity which makes his work the best literary history we possess. His other book finishes the series of works he has devoted to the great thinkers of our century. No one could have disentangled so forcibly from the troublesome current of our times the essential ideas, shown better their origin, or explained more clearly their development or decay, or the environment which has modified simple logical evolution. Singularly vigorous are the portraits of Stendhal, Proudhon, Taine, and Tocqueville. Their work and influence are not only explained, but judged by a critic who, like others, grows into more and more of a moralist. In another way M. T. de Wyzewa is also a distinguished critic. No man has done so much to spread in France the knowledge of foreign literatures, but it must be said that literary cosmopolitanism has no greater foe. He writes that the teaching of living languages serves on the whole no purpose but to confuse the brains of young people, and deprive them of their feeling for their native tongue. He is pleased to certify that, in spite of this teaching, the breach between English, German, French, and Russian writers is not only not lessening, but even widening; so he is hardly on the side of the angels. All his studies on Théodore Fontane, Mr. Kipling, William Morris, Stevenson, and Couperus show wonderful understanding, wit, point, and study of documents. His work is of special importance because for the last fifteen years French literature has certainly received more than it has given. We have just gone through, or perhaps not wholly

finished, a period in which foreign literatures have on every side poured their work and their influences into ours. Hence studies of foreign literatures are especially appreciated in France. Several have appeared this year, and a distinguished place by the side of M. de Wyzewa's works must be given to a book by M. Auguste Ehrhard, 'Franz Grillparzer, le Théâtre en Autriche.' It is a book of remarkable erudition, treating a subject little known in France, dramatic art in Austria. This curiosity about foreign literatures is not prejudicial, I am glad to say, to the worship of our great national literature, and any doubters on the subject need only consult the list of books of criticism dealing this year with great French writers. Among them I select the book of M. Alfred Rébelliau on 'Bossuet.' M. Rébelliau is not only a *savant* of the first rank, he is also a writer of rare delicacy, an able psychologist. Instead of the gorgeous traditional Bossuet, represented by his habitual admirers as a kind of Louis XIV. in the spiritual world, he substitutes the real Bossuet, whose genius was not so exceptional as to be above the influence of his time, the pressure of facts and circumstances. M. Rébelliau has not been afraid to get near his hero and examine him with clear-sighted familiareyes.

History is one of the greatest glories of the nineteenth century, and has, with the sciences in its train, contributed the most treasures to French literature. At the present day history has left off being romantic with Michelet to be objective, that is to say, scientific or realistic, if not both at once. To become scientific it has had to be pervaded with erudition. As the document makes its weight felt, as the criticism of sources and authorities becomes more strict, as ambitious writing is curbed, and the fashion of universal conceptions and boundless generalizations passes away, historians, pretending to nothing outside history, endeavour to reproduce exactly by minute research the concatenation of facts, and define their character and meaning. The multitude of facts threatens to inundate history and drown ideas; it facilitates, however, a complete reproduction of life as a whole. The striking thing of late years has been the abundant crop of memoirs. Each day sees some fresh instances of all sorts, from all sources—matter of which science will make history later. There is a great demand for "les dessous de l'histoire," which explains the vogue of memoirs. They pass rapidly over great events, touching them on one little side, putting details and men in a light often different from that in which we have been used to regard them. Memoirs of the First Empire abound this year, and I may notice particularly 'Mémoires du Général d'Andigné' and 'Mémoires du Général Baron de Dedem de Gelder.' The former are published with a very learned introduction by M. Edmond Biré, and contain many curious pages on the emigration and the "Chouans," with piquant details about Bonaparte, Sieyès, and many other persons of note. The interest of the subject, no less than the author's sincerity, gallantry, and good humour, makes the book attractive. The author of the other memoirs was a Dutch diplomatist whom Napoleon made a general. They

are truthful, and full of unpublished information. The story of the retreat from Russia, already extant in many other quarters, has here its special colouring, a horror of its own. These memoirs are a contribution to the annals of a period of which M. Frédéric Masson reveals what I may call "les petits côtés." His new volume on Napoleon and his family once more attracts by its curious learning. The popularity of works on the First Empire has not been gained at the expense of books on the Revolution. Every day that closely investigated piece of history is enriched by new documents clearing up the last dark corners. There seems, however, a preference for those who played the principal parts, whose position or character appears to sum up all the unhappy doings of their time. So M. Albéric Neton devotes a thorough and important study to 'Sieyès.' Thanks to minute researches and the assistance of largely unpublished documents, he has been able to reconstruct the life, and bring before us the exact influence, of him who, to use Michelet's strong words, "ouvrit et ferma la Révolution." In the 'Histoire Politique de la Révolution Française' M. Aulard has studied the origins of the movement, the ideas of democracy, the whole fight of the new spirit against the old. This passionate interest in the Revolution has not distracted public attention from other books by M. Albert Vandal, M. Welschinger, M. Ducas, M. du Bled, and M. Anatole France. M. Vandal in 'L'Odyssée d'un Ambassadeur: Voyages du Marquis de Nointel,' shows that he is a diplomatist who is learned and can write. His pen transforms diplomatic history, without any loss of its gravity, into something resembling an 'Arabian Nights' story. M. Welschinger in 'La Mission Secrète de Mirabeau' rescues from an unjust oblivion the correspondence of Mirabeau from Berlin, 1786-7, when he was on a secret mission. In rather too solemn a style M. le Comte Ducas has written 'La Mère du Duc d'Enghien.' It is surprising to find in the course of his work a woman of royal blood adopting with a firm unwavering heart revolutionary principles in advance of her age. In 'La Société Française du XVI^e au XX^e Siècle' M. Victor du Bled undertakes the history of French society. The studies which make up the first volume of a long series are attractively presented in the form of *conférences* and *causeries*, which are brilliant and witty, and liberally interspersed with anecdotes and good things. This vein of pleasing badinage does not, however, impair the serious and authoritative character of his history. For M. Anatole France history is once again a muse, as she used to be when she charmed young humanity. In his book 'Clio' the past is exactly and scrupulously revived as imagination pictures it, and as it really was, without, however, losing the distinct charm of things death has sheltered from the ravages of time. Clearly under history must also be included Victor Hugo's posthumous 'Choses Vues,' which his executors have brought out. When the first volume appeared some years ago this book was greeted with astonishment, not unmixed with genuine admiration. In this work the great writer appeared in an unexpected light. He was known as epic and lyric

poet, novelist, dramatist, and historian. Here he showed himself in the light of chronicler and journalist, and his new vein displayed his genius no less than the others. This time for the last volume M. Paul Meurice has gone to the inexhaustible store of unpublished papers of the master for the matter of the book. All that it contains is not of equally high class, but all is of interest. Victor Hugo is here with his small faults and his genius, his want of proportion and amazing gift for setting things off.

A distinguished section in the literature of the second half of the nineteenth century is that of philosophy. If we have no Taine in France to-day to give philosophy the impress of his force and originality, it is far from abandoned, as the works of M. Ribot, M. Fouillée, and many others witness. Doubtless moralists of the old style are gone. "Maxims" are become an innocent diversion of no particular bearing or consequence. Writers who are conscious of the gift of moral observation make in a body for the novel or the theatre, to put their feelings into action or drama. Some pour out their personal remarks, their ideas of man and life, in historical or critical form. M. Fouillée adopts no such course to put forth and defend his ideas. He loves philosophy for its own sake. Extraordinarily fertile and keen-witted, he brings to bear on all philosophic questions his *méthode de conciliation*, which consists in showing, often with great justice, and always in interesting style, how the most opposite theories mean the same thing, and from a lofty point of view are so near one another as to cause confusion. His work this year is 'La France au Point de Vue Moral,' which is notable for critical power, learning, and depth of thought. In it he studies the press, politics, and religion, he inquires what this great word "decadence," which we utter so lightly, means. He puts at the end of his long study the remedies for the ills he has exhibited, attaching special importance to the grave question of national education. It is the work of a thinker and a moralist. In 'Les Causes Sociales de la Folie' M. G. L. Duprat, after considering the disorders due to morbid heredity, intellectual overwork, madness in religion and morals, insists on the necessity of combating these scourges by popular education. M. Durand de Gros has published 'Nouvelles Recherches sur l'Esthétique et la Morale.' He is a philosopher of great originality who is only just beginning to receive due recognition, though he has produced a good deal for some time. His new book completes the exposition of his views by the examination of questions of aesthetics and morals. He makes a real study of sensation under the three headings of psychology, physiology, and physics. Applying his principles in various ways, he examines in a series of essays different manifestations of the good and the beautiful. The book of M. Levy-Bruhl on 'La Philosophie d'Auguste Comte' is notable for the soundness of its information and the lucidity of its expression. It will be of great use to any one who cares for the authentic history of ideas and doctrines. The author does not study Comte in the abstract; he considers him as

"solidaire de tout un ensemble de circonstances sociales," and shows that his doctrines are the "contre-coup" to the French Revolution. Several publications on sociology may also be conveniently included here. M. le Comte d'Haussonville in 'Salaires et Misères des Femmes' makes his contribution to feminism. His well-known moderation and his conservative, yet progressive temper are sufficient to suggest the kind of solutions he proposes. He makes up clearly and precisely the accounts of the female worker. He would remedy her sad state by a modification of the penal and civil codes. It is an earnest book, often eloquent, always interesting. Vigorous and original is M. Bouglé's contribution to the subject, 'Les Idées Égalitaires.' His work marks an important stage in the diverse attempts to raise sociology to the rank of a science.

Of late in France books of travel have become frequent and important. Several works which deserve something better than oblivion have appeared this year. In the 'Tour d'Asie' M. Marcel Monnier describes the Middle Empire, Cochin China, Annam, and Tonkin. It is difficult to be original in this sort of book, yet the author interests and carries his readers on by his picturesque style of narrative and the number of unpublished things which he reveals. 'Les Milliardaires Américains,' by M. F. de Norvins, is, if not always discreet, always very amusing. M. Émile Berr has published 'Au Pays des Nuits Blanches.' The small volume contains the travel notes of a witty, clear-sighted Parisian, who one day embarked at Dunkirk for the North Cape, saw Christiania, visited Ibsen, and tells of his holiday in charmingly bright style.

I must also notice several religious works before I close. In the first place there is 'St. Ambroise,' by the Duke de Broglie. As the author has already written on the Church and the Roman Empire in the fourth century, he is well prepared for his subject. The Bishop of Milan was a good deal mixed up in the political struggles of his time. It is this political side—though none can be said to be neglected—which occupies the chief place. The book is written in an elevated style, clear in minute detail often difficult to disengage, and extremely interesting. It is a piece of great history. The 'Saint-Henri' of M. Lesètre is a scholarly work in which lovers of the Middle Ages will find several points elucidated in the temporal and spiritual history of Germany. M. Thureau-Dangin has written on 'Newman et le Mouvement d'Oxford' with much intelligence and judgment. He has consulted not only biographies and monographs, but also original documents, and the result is an impartial work of learning which does him credit. 'La Sincérité Religieuse de Chateaubriand,' by M. Bertrin, does a service to the memory of a great writer, and also to the history of religious and moral ideas in our century. Sainte-Beuve denied the religious sincerity of Chateaubriand, and carried a good many readers with him. M. Bertrin has carried on the discussion in full Sorbonne style. He has produced not only a work of solid information, but a piece of lively and stylish writing. This year has seen the appearance of one of the works most eagerly expected by the Catholic

public, the life of the great journalist Louis Veuillot, told by his brother. After inheriting a family gift for writing, Veuillot has waited for sixteen years for the publication of his life and works. The first volume of 'Louis Veuillot,' by Eugène Veuillot, recounts the infancy of the great controversialist, his youth and conversion. M. Veuillot has shown himself a judicious and cautious historian, and he deserves thanks for not having given his book the airs of a panegyric or the tone of journalism.

At the end of this review the leading idea to be discovered in the literary effort of the year might be a subject for inquiry. Tendencies are confused, and the result of all this agitation and preparation of all sorts may be asked. If I can trust an eminent critic and authority, it is now all over with scientific literature, only an artistic literature can be produced. To-day it is all over with naturalism, as it was forty years ago with romanticism, and seventy years ago with classicism. The literature of the future will be a naturalism widened by being reformed out of certain romantic and especially classic elements, a synthesis, as it were, of the three doctrines of art which our literature has evolved since the Renaissance.

JULES PRAVIEUX.

GERMANY.

TRAVELLERS in Germany who turn aside from the railway routes and great centres of traffic, and do not scorn to put up in provincial towns and peasant homes, must be struck by this circumstance: nearly all the pictures which flaunt in the splendour of cheap gilding in the low-ceiled houses and cottages of these smaller German towns bear a similar character. For the most part they are landscapes with figures, but such landscapes as are made up of fantastic rocks and idyllic valleys, of lofty baronial castles with warriors riding forth from the gates, forest-paths traversed by ancient post-chaises, clearings through which ride noble dames, falcon on wrist, or caves that serve as the haunt of robbers—in a word, what we find there is Romanticism. Nor is this a mere accident. Deep down in the German nature romance has taken root: not so much that mystical and theoretical Romanticism represented in German literature by the names of Novalis and the brothers Schlegel, as that other sentimental Romanticism which transformed a "blue rose" into a "yellow aster," which sang songs with the wandering journeyman, and listened for the sound of the post-horn—that Romanticism, in fact, which is perhaps better expressed in Schwind's paintings than in any work of literature.

Literary tendencies come and go, but that romantic undercurrent is enduring. What is designated as literature and, dubbed as the "spirit of the age," fills up the pages of our histories of literature is, after all, only the property of a few cultured persons. The great mass of the people, at any rate in Germany, remain untouched by it. They continue to lead their own intellectual life; and only those writers who strike the notes that find an echo in the popular range of feeling are able to conquer this tough and unwieldy mass, and so win their way "to the people." Now and then it happens that this undercurrent, which regularly reveals

itself in the back-staircase novels and stories of the people, extends its dominion over literature proper—of course, in some higher and purer manifestation. Or else the same mood may prevail among the cultured and the masses, though with different effects on the feelings. Such a period seems at hand. Unless all the signs are deceptive, we are steering towards a new romanticism.

A new romanticism! It is no easy matter to trace in certain individual books the transformation which is impending, and which, in all probability, will turn our literature aside from the prevalent realism to romanticism. This is the harder since the best known of the young Viennese writers, who hitherto have also been the chief exponents of romantic sentiments, have kept silence this year. Yet there is no lack of indications of this transformation in taste; indeed, it has found outward expression. Next winter a theatre is to be opened in Berlin devoted principally, if not exclusively, to a new romantic movement. Quite lately a series of lectures was given in one of the artistic salons of Berlin, with the expressed object of paving the way for interest in and comprehension of romantic art. Unfortunately—and this is characteristic of our impatient and hurrying age—it is a case of building greenhouses before the flowers are ready, and as a result they become forcing-houses.

In any case, this much is certain: that consistent realism has seen its best days, and that the writers who are its chief representatives are more and more turning aside from it. It is equally certain that, in spite of much journalistic glorification, it has never found a true echo among the people. From the very first it was regarded by discerning minds as excellent discipline for rising talent. German naturalism left an element in German nature untouched, and it is just that element which urges humanity towards art. Nor can it be denied that if some of the modern naturalistic dramas, such as Hauptmann's 'Weber' and Sudermann's 'Ehre,' have succeeded in interesting the masses, this was due not so much to their artistic tendency as to the social problems which they treated.

Gerhart Hauptmann's latest work, the farce 'Schluck und Jau,' deals with quite a romantic subject, familiar from one of the stories in the 'Arabian Nights' as well as one of the plays by the Danish dramatist Holberg; still more familiar in the Induction to Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew.' Two tipsy tramps—in the familiar instances there is only one—are carried to a castle by a merry hunting party, and one of them on awakening from his fit of intoxication is made to fancy himself the lord. His companion has to play the part of his consort and to deceive his comrade, who is the dupe. It is obvious from the first that this does not supply sufficient material for five acts, or six, which is actually the number in book form. Still worse is the result of another of Hauptmann's faults, his lack of skill in composition. His treatment of the subject points in every way to one great scene: the encounter between the supposed lord and his pretended consort. In this one

scene the farcical element should have had full play; an ironical treatment of the sensual feelings excited by the "lady consort" would have been in place here. Now this one great scene is—wanting; instead, we have two scenes inserted merely to fill up. The two do meet one another, but instead of mad buffoonery there is an arid psychological discussion. To gratify his sensual desires, Jau, in the following act, turns to a genuine female, a widow introduced for the special purpose. Thus Gerhart Hauptmann has constructed a pyramid with the platform at the top, excellently suited for digressions, but unfortunately lacking its apex.

Though a failure regarded as a whole, there are many good things in his new play. In particular, Jau's awakening from his intoxication, when they persuade him that he is lord of the castle, is excellent. The final *dénouement*, too, is cleverly worked out, when Jau, a violently dethroned prince, finds himself in his tramp's clothes by the side of a ditch. He cannot believe that all his magnificence was only a dream; he thinks he must be leading a double life. He finds his consolation in the indestructible don't-care mood that is peculiar to him and in his bottle. He is a philosopher in his own way is Jau. In sharp contrast to the broken-down drunkard are the members of the hunting party; on their behalf Hauptmann has for the first time invented a dignified yet characteristic style, abounding in metaphor; even in the 'Versunkene Glocke' there was too great a tendency to allusiveness. The character of the true princely consort Sidselill is compounded of quite romantic elements. She is a fairy-like figure, as the name even indicates—one of those women whom the longing of men creates, who is all charm and all child, but with a touch of hidden passion, a dreamer whose unattainable dreams are transformed into wishes. She reminds one a little of the forms Burne-Jones loved to paint, but she is not quite so pure and chaste. Still, no matter how much romanticism is interwoven in Hauptmann's farce, the realistic parts in it are the best.

Max Halbe's new play 'Das tausend-jährige Reich' takes us into a mystical world. Its subject is the old dream that Christ would come again to establish an earthly kingdom of happiness and gentle peace—a conception which Christianity has taken over as a legacy from Judaism. Max Halbe plants this dream in the heart of a man of the people, a village blacksmith. While famine prevails in the land and revolutionary bands are stirring up strife—for this is the year 1848—this village blacksmith collects a company of the faithful, to await the coming of the Lord. Himself he regards as his Lord's chosen instrument. His wife had been seduced before her marriage by the owner of the estate. Once in his youth, when performing sentry duty in face of the enemy, the desire for revenge overcame him, and he pointed his gun at this nobleman; at that moment he was himself struck by a bullet. He saw in this the finger of God, as also in the cruel, sudden death of his child. This could not have been his child, he reasoned, but the seducer's; his wife must have been unfaithful even after marriage. With these convic-

tions, against which all assurances are unavailing, he drives his wife to death and his daughter into the arms of the betrayer.

The criticism to which Hauptmann's farce is liable applies in an even greater degree to Halbe's play; the work crumbles to pieces when considered as a whole. It is not only in composition that Halbe fails; he lacks a harmonious, steady outlook on life which would have helped him to a solution of the conflict. This is a shortcoming shown afresh in every new work of Halbe's. 'Das tausend-jährige Reich' lacks an internal *dénouement*. Instead, the third and fourth acts give two successive external *dénouements*. The blacksmith's wife has sought her own death; her funeral has taken place. The village pastor accuses him, in presence of the whole congregation, of presumption, and lays the guilt of her death upon him. He calls on God to bear testimony on his behalf. At that moment comes a flash of lightning; his forge is set on fire. God, as *deus ex machina*, has pronounced judgment. That is the third act. In the fourth the blacksmith reappears, shaken in the very foundations of his being, at issue with his God and himself. He now joins a revolutionary rabble, which he has hitherto held in detestation. They arrange an act of violence against the lord of the estate. Then the blacksmith learns his daughter's disgrace. He throws himself into the water from the same bridge whence his wife sought her death. But what has all this to do with the original problem and its solution? In spite of this unsatisfactory conclusion, one cannot fail to recognize genuine force in the conception of these tough primitive forms and the treatment of the dialogue; but it is a force which lacks wisdom.

The happy fairyland of romanticism is revealed in Ludwig Fulda's fairy play 'Das Schlaraffenland.' An apprentice, to whom reality refuses all that his heart desires, and grants him only the objects of his aversion, enters Lazyland (Schlaraffenland) in a dream. There he meets with all his coveted delights—sweet dreams and pretty girls. He even attains the honour of a throne in Lazyland. But in the midst of his bliss he discovers that work is a condiment which even the sweetest of dainties cannot dispense with. He tries to introduce work into Lazyland, and this leads to terrible disturbances, so that he is glad enough to wake up once more in the reality he had despised. This little piece abounds in pleasant passages and graceful details. Only Fulda has in too great abundance what is lacking in Halbe—artistic wisdom. In Fulda it obtrudes everywhere, holding fair Caprice in leading-strings and keeping her from sporting at will. Still worse, the wisdom that Fulda serves up is of a very commonplace character, and can be had free and gratis from any reader or primer. "Work sweetens existence"—who ever doubted it? If we are to travel to fairyland and bring back no better spoil than this, it is hardly worth the trouble of taking the journey; and even fairyland seems but a barren steppe when regarded through pedagogic spectacles. These complaints of Fulda apply also to Rudolph Lothar. His masque 'König Harlekin' is too rich in fine language, too poor in construction and temperament. The subject-matter is in-

teresting enough. A poor harlequin loves his columbine; he kills the wicked prince, and, cleverly getting himself up to imitate his appearance, becomes king, but is thankful at last to lay aside this bitter and disappointing dignity and run away with his columbine. The plot goes to pieces in Lothar's hands; there is a lack of unity and consistency in characterization which weakens also the satirical effect.

The grotesque kind of romanticism specially associated with the name of E. T. A. Hoffmann has found a representative among our younger writers in the person of Frank Wedekind. His 'Kammersänger' treats of a popular Wagnerian "star," who is adored by females of every sort and description, but is merely bored by all this worship, and solely concerned with the punctual fulfilment of his engagements, even at the moment when one of the women whose heart he has broken commits suicide in his room. Here the artist's deliberate intention is caricature, and in these few short scenes he reveals a peculiar grotesque talent with a tendency to the abnormal—real talent, but talent that is hardly likely to bear artistic fruit of a high and serious character.

A new romantic literature seems to be making way in Germany, and it is noteworthy that the various tendencies of romantic art are already indicated in the few dramatic works with which I have dealt, not one of which, by the way, has achieved a lasting success. Still more noteworthy is the circumstance that interest in the drama is weakening, or rather has actually diminished this last winter in favour of other forms of literary production. Still, the hitherto prevalent realism has made itself felt on the stage in the past twelve months too; in fact, it can lay claim to the few successes that have been achieved.

Georg von Ompteda presents a picture of military feeling in his little one-act play 'Wörth,' an unambitious piece, which yet satisfies the most exacting demands in its simple and poetic expression. There are really only two scenes—one before the battle, the other after the victory. Father and son—the elderly general and the youthful lieutenant, his only child—are seated side by side, and the boy talks enthusiastically of his first impressions of battle. His eager heart overflows; he sees the future full of promise, and he confides to his father a secret love message for his sweetheart at home, in case he should not survive the battle. The storm of battle is over; the survivors are gathered together, a diminished handful, and the general sends out a search party to find his son. In silence they bring him back the badge, which a bullet has pierced. He pulls himself together, and gives the order, "Caps off; let us pray for the fallen comrades." The treatment of the mood of death among the soldiers may recall Sudermann's 'Fritzchen'; but the feeling in Ompteda is deeper and purer, and the few scenes are animated by something of the true soldierly spirit, which here, at any rate, is the true human spirit too. Compared with Ompteda's little piece, the play which is regarded as the great dramatic success of the year, Max Dreyer's 'Probekandidat,' appears somewhat threadbare. It owed its success to its "purpose," and this is laud-

able enough, but, like every other purpose, it tends to injure what is the chief aim of all art, the purely human interest; in fact, it is truth that suffers. A young teacher during his probationary period expounds Darwinian views to the highest class in the natural history lesson. The school comes under clerical influence, the head master is a time-server, and the young probationer is called upon to retract his statements in a public lesson. The pressure of domestic circumstances compels him to consent; but when it comes to the point, and he looks into the clear eyes of his pupils, the truth overwhelms him with irresistible force, and instead of retracting, he confirms his previous statements with greater emphasis. He is dismissed, he loses his sweetheart, but in his heart he feels a sense of victory, and the play ends with an epigram. The tendency, as already stated, is laudable, but the mode of conducting war against obscurantism is childish. The recantation scene of this modern Uriel Acosta is a pathetic impossibility; a silent tragedy such as, unfortunately, is growing more and more frequent in the Germany of to-day is transformed into a noisy spectacular piece. Still, there is compensation for the main incident, to which the play owes its great success, in a number of minor episodes, a few strongly drawn characters, and some humorous descriptions. Dreyer is no genius, but he knows so well how to make the most of his capacity that he has come to be regarded as one of the theatrical writers on whom we can most safely rely.

Compared with Ompstead's and Dreyer's moderate realism the consistent realism of the Viennese writer J. J. David, lately manifested in a play 'Neigung' and in a novel 'Am Wege Sterben,' seems but the clinging to a literary tendency whose day is over. David's colouring is grey upon grey; there is a sunless effect about his pictures; he has a sort of affection for misery, whether material or spiritual. Still he is one of the most honest of writers; there is something robust and masculine about his manner. His outlook on life points to subjective experience, and though we may not feel attracted to seek him, it is well worth while to have found him. David probably clings consciously to an antiquated school from inward conviction, while another Viennese writer, Hermann Bahr, is an eager seeker after the very latest fashions and fresh untried sensations. Even in his plays 'Der Athlet' and 'Josephine' he is just a feuilleton writer, and builds up his pieces out of piquant conceits, clever but superficial. In 'Josephine' he presents the young Bonaparte as an enamoured dreamer, a foolish fantasist, and, finally, as a calculated and conceited fool. All he wants is to inspire amazement. The lower class of Parisian boulevard literature is his model and standard. Compared with this ultra-modern theatrical feuilletonist, Oskar Blumenthal, who has long been established on these lines, appears quite simple and harmless in his 'Als ich wiederkam,' a sequel to 'Im weissen Rüssel.'

Ernst von Wildenbruch has always occupied a peculiar position, isolated from all literary tendencies of the day. This he continues to do; Schiller was, and still is, his model. And in truth Wildenbruch's

strength, like that of his great prototype, lies in enthusiasm. His new historic tragedy, 'Die Tochter des Erasmus,' is a drama of enthusiasm. Passionate love for German nationality and patriotic sentiment, for pure doctrine and unfettered belief, enthusiasm for the capacity for enthusiasm, animates the whole play. Even the dramatic situation depends on it. Erasmus of Rotterdam appears as the cool, sceptical critic; Hutten, at first his friend, is the enthusiast. Erasmus's daughter is naturally her father's true child, all reason and calm calculation; it is her love for Hutten that effects the great transformation in her. As his mistress she follows him into banishment and misery. At last the score has to be settled between his daughter and Erasmus, now grown an old man. Then she, the disgraced and abandoned in the eyes of the world, renounces him, and breaks her staff over him. Enthusiasm is everything. Each separate scene abounds in it, while the limits of probability—even of possibility—are boldly overstepped. But Wildenbruch's enthusiasm is so genuine, so thoroughly the poet's own nature, and combined with such strong, though somewhat violent theatrical instinct, that it carries the great mass of spectators along with it. Still it is noteworthy that Wildenbruch's plays have never made way far beyond the borders of North Germany or Prussia, where every fibre of his being is rooted. Nor is there any question that Wildenbruch's best work, in spite of the fact that his reputation is founded on his theatrical achievement, is really only to be found in his short stories. Without any exaggeration, I may say that the excellence of his writings is in inverse ratio to their length; the shorter the better. This is, in fact, the characteristic of these hasty enthusiasms—a flicker, and they are gone.

Wildenbruch's actual age is fifty-five, and his literary peculiarities place him midway between two generations of writers, which are just now fashioning the literature of Germany. Only ten years ago, when young naturalism was running a tilt at all tradition, a literary feud broke out between the two generations, and the not specially distinctive watchwords "Truth" and "Beauty" were banded to and fro. The transformation that has taken place in our literature has changed all that. It was not so much an ideal of beauty as a weak surrender to romantic sentiment that characterized the literary peculiarities of former generations. It is natural enough that to-day, when the bugle cry of romanticism is rallying the younger writers, the contrast between the two generations should give way to a stronger feeling of natural kinship. This inner community is most strongly marked in the domain of fiction.

Paul Heyse's 'Neues Märchenbuch' is the work of a man of seventy, but after his 'Neue Gedichte' it is unquestionably the best product of his old age. These tales are simple and unpretending, some of them only fresh versions or interpretations of old fairy tales; but there is unusual grace in their form, and they are pervaded by a peculiar restrained humour accompanied by a tinge of sadness. These new fairy stories of Heyse's make up a book of wisdom, a smiling wisdom which not only pardons,

but even seems to love human weaknesses and a cheerful divergence from the narrow path of chilly duty. For instance, in the little tale 'Holdrio' the young prince is an odious prig until he finds in Holdrio, who symbolizes frivolity, the tutor he needs. The two together commit many a wise and many a foolish prank, but when the prince has grown to manhood and mounts the royal throne, Holdrio hands in his resignation. Not till the hour of his death does the old king again behold this comrade of his youth. Then he reaches out his hand to him and utters his thanks: "Of all the many and great blessings which the Lord has granted me during the course of my long life, nothing inspired such true joy and heartfelt happiness as the silly pranks to which you enticed me in my merry youth." All who know and love Heyse recognize his special manner and his fine, broad humanity in this little tale. His romantic feeling weaves the delicate fragrant material into a little story like 'Dryas'; and if Heyse's romanticism reminds one of Fuldä among the younger writers, the comparison is not altogether to Fuldä's advantage. The most original contribution to the 'Märchenbuch' is unquestionably 'Die Nixe.' The actual story is a very simple one. A young fisherman catches a water-nymph in his net and carries her home, and is only too glad presently to get rid of his saucy guest, the rather as the opportunity offers of bringing home a quite unexceptionable human being as his bride. The treatment of this nymph, her daring natural power, her native wildness, is delightful. We are reminded of one of Böcklin's pictures as we see her seated on a tub in the cottage, tearing a live fish to pieces and swallowing it raw. Nature moods take form in her, and there is a tender, often elegiac feeling for nature that resounds through nearly all these stories and confers on them their artistic charm.

A romantic, or at any rate anti-culture sentiment also inspires P. K. Rosegger's new novel 'Erdsegen.' It is a peasant's cottage among his own native mountains, a cottage like that where he was born himself, which Rosegger now enters; and he draws a contrast, sharp and, alas! didactic, between the patriarchal existence on mountain heights and life in a great city. A young journalist lays a wager that he will hire himself out for a year as a farm servant. The letters addressed to the town by the disguised youth make up the story. Little by little the unaccustomed hard toil gains upon him, and the simple, uniform, devout existence wins his heart, as he is gradually transformed from the servant into the friend and counsellor of his employers. The daughter of the family whose service he has entered is seduced by the school-master in the village below; our hero tries to prove to the man that it is his duty to marry her, and, when he declines, marries the girl himself. He decides to buy a farm and live as a peasant among peasants. If we are somewhat repelled by this resolve, combined with the marriage, the very obtrusive moral is even more tiresome. In spite of their passions and errors, which Rosegger does not seek to conceal, these peasants are as much idealized in their sentiments as the shepherds and shepherd-

esses, the Daphnis and Chloe of the old pastorals. This feeling degenerates into an attack on all culture and the simplest implements of every-day comfort. This attack on civilization, which grows more and more marked towards the end of the book, overpowers the alluring note which characterized the beginning so peacefully. My criticism of Dreyer may be repeated here: every didactic purpose, no matter what its character, tends to destroy art and to injure its internal probability.

The same civilization which Rosegger desires to banish from his world becomes in Adolf Wilbrandt a refined intellectual culture, the force that sustains life. Wilbrandt, another distinguished representative of the older generation in our literature, delights in depicting as the leading figure of his stories an ideal of free, intellectual, ethical manhood, such as he cherishes in his own heart. To this man he assigns a rôle as educator; that is the subject of all his novels, and of his two latest stories 'Erika' and 'Das Kind.' A man of this sort saves the "child," a sweet young girl, from losing her heart to an empty fine-spoken coxcomb. Another such man solves the situation in 'Erika.' Here a husband, who has betrayed his friend's wife, as a result loses faith in his own, and breaks up the happiness of their married life; but Wilbrandt has not succeeded in developing this situation to its logical conclusion. This failure is the more striking since one of our younger writers, Max Dreyer, treated this same situation clearly and convincingly in his first play, 'Drei.'

Adalbert Meinhardt's new volume of stories, 'Allerleirauh,' is dedicated to Paul Heyse, a fact that is interesting as a symbol of an inner *rapprochement* between the two generations. In the matter of form Adalbert Meinhardt has learnt much from Heyse; but her new stories—for it is a woman's pseudonym—reveal a very different view of life. The moods to which these stories are set represent a variety of scales, but all bear the impress of irony. They range from the gentle, light, and tender irony of 'Jung sein' to the cutting irony of 'Der Besuch,' and the grotesque satire of 'Der Bruder des verlorenen Sohnes.' The characters are always delicately drawn, more especially in 'Ein Kopf von Helleu,' in which the problem of the love of a man of education for a humble servant girl is treated in an original fashion. Adalbert Meinhardt delights in seeking out uncommon characters, tracing mental peculiarities; but all means are subordinated to the end of combining individual phenomena into a universal picture. It is this very point that characterizes the advance which the modern realistic novel has brought about in our literary tendencies; instead of an accidental picture it affords a picture of life and the universe. Its work has gained in depth. Inner contemplation has been added to study of the external world. The increased transparency of the composition, the greater richness of the colouring, are merely concomitants of this one important advance.

This is evident in 'Thekla Lüdekind,' a novel by Wilhelm von Polenz. It is an educational romance, of the kind that 'Wilhelm Meister' made popular in German

literature, a book in which life itself plays the part of the educator. Thekla Lüdekind is one of those women whose very purity and goodness mark them out as victims of a cruel fate; but in the end all things must work towards the inward strengthening and spiritual confirmation of those that are pure in heart. Such is the real theme of the book. Thekla Lüdekind first learns from an old maiden aunt whom she loves how to fashion her life. She gains her first conception of love, which seeks to serve its neighbour and yet maintain its internal freedom. She rejects the first suitor who presents himself and also the noisy wooing of her childhood's comrade. For all this she succumbs to a man whose external attractions conceal the poverty and coarseness of his true nature. Her marriage becomes a martyrdom, but it serves to strengthen her character. She insists firmly on a divorce from her husband; then she has to fight for the possession of her child, and to conduct its education unaided. This child is the last of her educators, and in its life she learns once more to love life, which has treated her so ill. Thus the book ends. Some of the characters are drawn with insufficient distinctness, some are rather conventional in treatment, and now and then there is a want of sequence in the development of character, but Thekla Lüdekind is delicately and consistently drawn, and the whole book shows signs of spiritual depth. The book is good, as marking an advance, not only in Polenz's own development, but also in the present position of our fiction as a whole. The same may be even more emphatically asserted of Georg von Ompteda's novel 'Eysen.' Polenz bases his picture on the individual fortunes of one person, while Ompteda's 'Eysen' rests on a broader basis. The book bears the characteristic sub-title 'Deutscher Adel um 1900,' and describes the fortunes of a whole family, the Von Eysens; but though the interest is equally directed to a variety of figures, artistic unity is by no means lacking. The characters bear a distinctive impress, yet at the same time have something of the typical; such are the old minister of the Emperor William I., a type of painful conscientiousness; the industrious and intelligent Prussian staff officer; the easygoing, blustering, and actually feeble landjunker, and his son the gay, fast cavalry officer, a frequenter of the race-course and deeply in debt; young Eysen, who is ruined by half-understood democratic ideas and false ambition; the poor noble lady, who falls a victim to the first seducer that comes her way; the Court parasites of one of the pettiest of petty German princes. The fortunes of these members of one family turn out now well, now ill, but in every case they are controlled by the same fate. Ompteda sets up work in his novel as the sword of judgment—work of every kind and description. Those who cannot work and suit their work to the requirements of the present day must in any case go to the wall. 'Eysen' is a serious book, and the spirit that animates it suggests Freytag's 'Soll und Haben.' Ompteda has avoided all didactic purpose; every one of his characters is drawn with equal affection.

Compared with the evident marks of progress shown by Polenz and Ompteda,

the new books by Gabriele Reuter, author of 'Aus guter Familie,' and Wilhelm Hegeler convey a distinct impression of arrested development. In her new novel 'Frau Bürgelin und ihre Söhne' Gabriele Reuter has painted too obviously in grey on grey the picture of the mistaken education given by a mother to her sons, whose destiny she tries to fashion according to her own wishes, and who in spite of this go and must go their own way. Into this simple tale, which is not without striking outward characterization, all kinds of disagreeable details and unpleasantness are dragged in in a most offensive manner, evidently from a mere hankering after the sensational. A similar desire is evident in Wilhelm Hegeler's new novel 'Ingenieur Horstmann.' Hegeler may in the first instance have conceived an interesting psychological problem. A member of the lower classes works his way unaided to the position of a distinguished engineer, and, through seeking an entry to those social circles which correspond to his new position, suffers shipwreck. This problem is treated with a too crude psychology; the characterization constantly degenerates into caricature; the action bristles with horrors, which in themselves are opposed to all probability. The literary quality does not correspond to the literary ambition. That is always a bad sign. Compared with the works of Hegeler and Gabriele Reuter, unambitious and readable novels written for amusement only seem to gain in value; such are among this year's products 'Die ewige Burg,' by Rudolph Stratz, and 'Besser Herr als Knecht,' by Fedor von Zobeltitz.

Naturally enough the newly awakened romantic sentiment has sought its first expression in poetry. This sentiment had been—one might almost say—methodically cultivated by the group of young poets who clustered round the 'Blätter für die Kunst,' with Stefan George and Hugo von Hofmannsthal as their most distinguished representatives. Verlaine and Rossetti were indicated as among their chief models, and frequent translations made from their verses. This young group of poets are not wanting in genuine lyrical achievement; their poems suggest the feeling inspired by some old park with its half-ruined rococo splendour—something of the genuinely picturesque. But their art is too studied, rare and "precious" images are too common, there is an effort after out-of-the-way and curious effects, where ordinary simple ones lie ready to hand; they are decked out with most elaborate adornment, and satiated feelings cry out for some pure, simple child's song as a last new sensation. There are some true notes in this art, but they are spoilt by this excess of decadence—a decadence not even experienced, but only assumed. Self-conscious and laboured, this art appeals but to a few.

Detlev von Liliencron, who is without question the strongest of our modern lyricists, also shows an inclination towards studied effects; his poems have a tinge too of departed rococo splendour. But he possesses a warm masculine temperament which carries one away; a daring humour which can make head against life pervades the elegiac atmosphere; and when his poems

originate in mystic sentiment this mysticism springs from true nature feeling. The few new poems which have appeared this year in the collection 'Nebel und Sonne' demonstrate afresh all his qualities, and also all his eccentricities. At any rate, Liliencron knows how to give the simple events of life their fullest lyrical value. There is a curious contradiction about his moods, but no matter what their character, their effect is genuine. Still, he, too, has hitherto failed to secure a large public.

A popular, but by no means undeserved success has been achieved by Anna Ritter's verses. She has returned to a simpler manner, and speaks from the heart. A large part—in fact, the greater part—of these poems consist of laments for her husband's early death; her sorrow is not without individual modulations, and her thoughts find original expression. Her songs breathe forth warm, passionate longing, but that does not impair their beauty. She remains within the well-defined limits of what is approved in aesthetics, and shows no eagerness for innovations. But her perceptions are open to natural impressions, especially those of a violent character; her language is rich in images, and her verse is spirited.

A new representative of Thought-poetry, Germany's child of sorrow, has arisen in the person of the Swiss poet Carl Spitteler. His epic 'Olympischer Frühling,' of which the first part, 'Aufahrt,' has been published, treats of the ascent of the gods from Erebus to Olympus after the fall of Chronus. Profound and daring personifications abound; the mythological dress serves to express the result of personal experience and discovery. As so often happens in attempts of this kind, a good deal is left in a sketchy condition, but at the same time there is sufficient originality in construction and expression to be attractive. There is nothing antique about it except the actual subject. Both matter and form are intrinsically German, and Hans Sachs suggests himself as a model rather than Homer. In spite of the return to romantic feeling, the joy in beauty which pervades this poem has some of the startling and surprising effect of an anachronism.

In the domain of literary criticism a return to romanticism is observable, but it is rather temperamental than critical. The number of books which examine into the writers of our romantic period of literature and the world of romantic feeling is increasing. The first mention is due to Ricarda Huch's 'Aus der Frühzeit der Romantik,' which paints delicately and skilfully portraits of Novalis and the women of his group.

No less evident, though of a different character, is the romantic feeling in Julius Rodenberg's 'Jugenderinnerungen.' It is not only that in its pages some of the romanticists figure, such as old Varnhagen; it is the spirit in which this refined and confidential book is conceived which, in spite of all the delicate detail of realistic painting, is really romantic. The longing for a calm collected past has inspired these memoirs, and draws a veil, in part concealing, in part transfiguring, over pictures of old Hanover, Berlin, and of London too. The figures we encounter in these reminiscences of youth—Marschner, the composer; Emanuel Deutsch,

the writer on the Talmud; Ferdinand Freilgrath, the poet of freedom—are all lovingly drawn, and this affection is transferred to the reader; a strong lyrical feeling pervades the book. These memoirs of Rodenberg's need to be enjoyed in peaceful retirement, while Ludwig Bamberger's 'Erinnerungen,' which have been edited since his death by his friend Paul Nathan, introduce the reader into a brilliant social circle. Paris of the Second Empire is revealed to him. In a few clever strokes silhouettes of all the celebrated men and women of the time display them to the life, and the witty conversationalist, such as Bamberger shows himself even in this last book, illustrates characteristic traits and details of their life in a series of piquant anecdotes. With equal charm the able politician who helped to restore German unity and the admirable economic authority speak from these pages.

Even before the actual close of the nineteenth century the German literature of that period, including its very latest products, has found an historian in Richard M. Meyer. The book is characteristic in a bad sense. Nowadays we try to hurry on everything artificially, even literary development, and are anxious to contemplate the present in the mirror of historic treatment. If the task which Meyer has set himself is in any case insoluble, his attempt, judged on its own merits, is most inadequate. It is disconnected, superficial, and hurriedly put together, and does not give the slightest idea of what is now called literary research in Germany. I only mention it as a warning. It is pleasant to turn from this compilation of Meyer's to Herman Grimm's latest collection of essays, 'Fragmente.' Grimm's delicate, refined style shows to advantage in this new work, and these fragments attain unity through the strong individuality of their author.

Once more let me cast a glance over the literature of the past year. Whether even a single one of the many works discussed here will survive to tell later generations of the mode and matter of our thoughts is hard to say. No masterly genius has produced a work of power; but there are signs of serious and conscientious work, and these must lead to progress. In literature, as elsewhere, serious work retains its value.

A new romantic movement is making way in art. Whether it will bear fruit who shall say? Yet to me it seems to originate in an awakening desire for greater depth and thoughtfulness, and the longing that still seeks timidly and hesitatingly for expression is a holiday yearning after inner contemplation. If this be so, the fruits cannot fail to appear.

ERNST HEILBORN.

HOLLAND.

It is some twenty years now since *De Nieuwe Gids* arose to teach new ways in literature. The movement swept over the country like a huge wave, and caused an immense disturbance, for the bold behaviour of the young authors, their courageous criticism of their predecessors, and especially their coinage of new and strange expressions, roused a storm of anger and indignation. But at the same time a band of admirers gathered around them with an enthusiasm equal to the indignation displayed on the other side. And for

many years the battle went on fiercely. It looked as if both parties were determined to fight "to the bitter end," but at length the opposition to the "new literature" was abandoned slowly and sullenly. The older generation gave way. It continued writing in its own old-fashioned style—though modified to a great extent by contact with its adversaries—but it stopped criticizing. So that there is nowadays not one periodical which would not gladly accept a manuscript of any of those "reformers" who have been so bitterly sneered at in its columns. Consequently the reformers of 1880 have won.

But now a curious feature seems to show itself on the surface. It looks as if the reformers, lacking the stir of an opposition, are losing their former activity—as if not only their own animosity had departed with the animosity of their opponents, but as if the very boldness and originality which were the blazing and amazing colours of their party had been lost in the long strife.

It is a striking feature, indeed, of this year's literature that not one of the "heroes" of 1880 appears in the front ranks. Now that everybody is ready to look upon them as the most illustrious masters of poetry, they make no sign; or they make their appearance in such an unassuming way that one fails to recognize the dare-devils of twenty years ago, jesting with swords and playing with brilliant flakes of fire.

Of the poets of 1880 there is only one, Albert Verwey, whose name appears among this year's authors. He has issued some verses entitled 'Het Brandende Braambosch'; but there is no trace in it of his former limpidity of style and brightness of conception. It is altogether a dense and heavy work of doubtful meaning, and here and there absolutely unintelligible. Every line looks as if it were the result of a last effort. I have read somewhere the supposition that this is only a temporary mood, that Verwey is in a period of change now which will pass over. I hope that it may be so.

Van Deyssel, the thundering critic of the reformers, has simply reprinted his novel 'Een Liefde.' The sad condition into which he has fallen forced him to blot out some passages and expressions which might have hurt the feelings of the ordinary reader—a striking instance of the limitation of the reformers' public though the opposition be silenced. Van Eeden and Gorter remained absolutely silent during the past year, barring a few verses by the former in *De Nieuwe Gids*. He seems to be absorbed in his social experiments (somewhat on Tolstoi's lines), and it looks, on the whole, as if those who devote themselves to social reform lose the aptitude or the desire for poetical production. Herman Gorter, since he has turned Socialist, is a poet no more. The same has been the case with Miss Henriette van der Schalk, who tried poetry for a short time, and has turned into a Social Democrat, a change which apparently has marked the close of her literary career. It is true that she has also got married.

Kloos, the one of the reformers who is most esteemed by them, has gone on sonnetteering in *De Nieuwe Gids*, and his lines, unlike Verwey's, are smooth and easy-going. But if the mental effort was not

great, the poetical result is not considerable. These sonnets of 'Adoration' sound prettily, but one looks in vain for a striking thought or a deep emotion. The work is too easily done, as has been proved by Mr. Scharren, who wrote in *De Arbeid* some verses of the same kind and noted down the time he required for each of them: about five minutes! They were of about the same quality.

This year's literary event has been, instead of a prominent book, a sensational marriage, viz., of Mr. Kloos and Miss Jeanne Reyneke van Stuwe, a young author who has made her appearance with 'Hartstocht' ('Passion'). This is a short novel in which the author describes the life of one whom she thinks to be a man of passion, but who is really nothing of the kind, merely a base and reckless rake. The book is crowded with superfluous descriptions of insignificant events, but the picture of two young men living together, with their peculiar doings and their peculiar talking, is well drawn, true to life. I do not know whether this is a compliment or not, the author being a young lady. She has also issued a collection of poems in praise of Mr. Kloos, which an outsider—I mean one who is neither Mr. Kloos nor Miss Reyneke—cannot help finding rather monotonous.

An audacious book, concerned with real passion, has been written in 'Als Kaf voor den Wind' ('Like Chaff before the Wind'), by a lady who signs "Ethel Mac. S." The Olympian quiet of the narrative, and the æsthetic descriptions and dialogues in which the author indulges, remind me of Vosmaer; but the description becomes now and then of the Baedeker kind, and the author has treated her passionate persons too coolly. Yet the book remains an interesting one of a highly original stamp. Another young lady, Miss de Savornin Lohman, has given a new proof of her sincerity in 'Geloof' ('Faith'). Miss Lohman is altogether a remarkable figure in our literary world. Her family ranks among the foremost of fashionable supporters of Calvinism, yet she has broken deliberately with her surroundings, not only in matters of religion, but also of common behaviour and the paramount ideas of fashionable society. She is in open revolt, and her last novel is a cry of revolt against the thin and hollow masks which are often worn by fashionable faith. Her style is not elevated, nor was it so in her former novels. And it is a pity that this book is so much of a hasty sketch. Yet it strikes me as the outburst of an immense passion, of an utterly sincere conviction rising to a burning faith—against the creed of society.

I wish I could say the same of Mr. Borel's books, 'Een Droom in Tosari' and 'Het Zusje.' He professes to be true and simple, yet he creates a revolting impression of affectation and mannerism. Occasionally he says beautiful things, but especially in his descriptions of nature he is apparently in sore need of adequate terms, which causes him to accumulate words like "formidable," "immense," and so forth (not in the Dutch equivalents, but simply the French words). This and the assumption of simplicity, which resembles now and then the stammering of a child, give his books a disagreeable touch of literary snobbery.

Yet he is remarkable as an opponent of the realism of 1880. Although under the influence of the *Nieuwe Gids*, writing in the peculiar literary slang which that periodical introduced into our language, he belongs to a younger generation, and stands up against the ultra-realistic tendencies of some of the former editors of that paper. Up till now he has ranked higher as a critic than as an author, though a good many people are delighted with his ecstatic books.

The school which he opposes, that of naturalism, has produced some of the best fruits of this year's harvest—snap-shots like Falkland's (Heyermans's) 'Schetsen' ('Sketches'); touching pictures of the poor man's life, like 'Zwerfers' ('Ramblers'), by Van Hulzen; and, above all, the 'Zeven Vertellingen' ('Seven Stories'), by De Meester. The art critic of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* treads Van Deyssel's path rudely and coarsely, but with great skill and narrative power.

As I have mentioned Heyermans I ought to note this year's dramatic productions, in which he takes the lead with 'Het Zevende Gebod' ('The Seventh Commandment'). This tragedy-comedy of love without marriage on a flat in the Quartier Latin of Amsterdam is on the same lines as the 'Ghetto,' of which a (very mutilated) English translation has been introduced on the stage in London. In this, as in his above-named 'Schetsen,' he shows a striking aptitude for observing small people's doings and talking, to which—in connexion, perhaps, with the modern sociology of the piece—he owed an immense success, though the conflicting elements of tragedy and comedy were associated in rather a poor way, and the dramatic building was careless and loose. Heyermans swept the stage. His piece had even a longer run than 'Tobias Bolderman,' a new *opus* of De Koo, the celebrated author of 'De Candidatuur van Bommel.' This second comedy was not so great a success as the first. De Koo, however, shows himself also in this piece a really clever dramatic author, and a humourist of a thoroughly Dutch stamp—Dutch in the choice of his subjects, and Dutch also in the way of treating them. Two other dramatists, Fokko Bos (with 'Een Held') and Van Bruggen (with 'Het Nieuwe Evangelie'), enjoyed only a very short life on the stage. But they are new-comers, and both of them young.

Close to realists of the stamp of Heyermans and De Meester stands the psychologist Coenen. His 'Bleeke Levens' ('Pale Lives') contains some good specimens of subtle analysis of character, especially of those people who go about unnoticed by their neighbours.

Couperus, who is perhaps the one of our authors whose renown has spread furthest, has turned to fairy-tales. 'Fidessa' (which here and there reminds one of Spenser's 'Faery Queen') is both interesting in its story and beautiful in the exquisite poetry of its language. The power of Couperus's style still stands unparalleled in our modern literature. Hélène Lapidoth-Swarth seems to be declining. Neither in her prose ('Profijtjes') nor in her latest verses does she attain the height of her former lyric expansion. It may be, however, that the extremely subjective character of her verses

makes them less intelligible for people of a different nature.

I have still to mention two authors, who ought, indeed, to have been mentioned before, viz. Vincent Loosjes and Augusta de Wit. The former produced in 'Kameleon' an interesting novel, well devised and finely constructed, with a careful study of characters. In its tendencies 'Kameleon' comes near to 'Geloof,' but it is destitute of the fierce passion of Miss Lohman's book. As to Miss Augusta de Wit, her 'Verborgen Bronnen' ('Hidden Springs') ought to have been mentioned before Borel's descriptions of Indian scenery, as hers, in their sincere simplicity, rank higher and make a deeper impression, though she indulges too freely in romantic situations. Her 'Facts and Fancies about Java' (written in English) have been reprinted this year.

Worthy of being mentioned are only a few other publications. 'De Familie de Regt,' by La Chapelle-Roobol, is an interesting novel of the older literary type. 'Op en om Soeka-Sepi,' by Creusebol, offers a lively picture of life in the interior of Java; and Dompers's 'Sakinum,' though it is more of a big pamphlet than a novel (and, besides, written in a very indifferent style), gives a striking idea of the life of the lower Javanese. The rest is—silence.

C. K. ELOUT.

HUNGARY.

VERY few of your readers are likely to remember an English volume on 'The Failure of Geological Attempts made by the Greeks,' which appeared in London about thirty-two years ago. Its author was Julius Schwarcz, at the time a young Hungarian landed proprietor and politician. Since then he has become famous all over Europe from his work on the history of democracy, the latest part of which I mentioned in these columns last year. A monument of spirited and profound historical research, alas! remains a torso, Prof. Schwarcz having died a few months ago. Fortunately he lived to witness the publication of another book of his, a bulky 'History of Greece,' with especial regard to "the history of Athens and its sources." His investigations are of the most thorough description, and his views, which are frequently original, differ widely from the traditional ones. Whatever one may think of his conclusions, one is bound to recognize in him a seeker after truth who regarded nothing else. And that he does not lack followers may be inferred from Prof. Gyula Gyomlai's recent 'History of the Greeks,' a work entirely based on the results of the late *savant's* investigations. Gyomlai writes conscientiously and fearlessly, his style is easy and distinguished, and his book is enjoyable and suggestive. Speaking of historical literature, I must not omit to mention the seventh volume of Lajos Kossuth's 'Writings,' edited by his son Ferencz, the leader of the Radical party in the present Parliament. Here, as everywhere, the national hero shows himself a fiery patriot and whole-hearted idealist. The appendix is particularly noteworthy, as it contains Kossuth's political correspondence with Victor Emmanuel, Jérôme Napoléon, and other persons of rank. In view of the rapid development of our metropolis in recent and present times, Ignaz Feisner's

monograph on 'The History of Budapest in the Eighteenth Century' is of no slight interest, the more so as it reads like a fascinating novel. It is decidedly a valuable contribution to the history of civilization. The author knows how to arrange his rich materials attractively and systematically.

There are several good performances to be noticed in the history of literature and art. Of the Academy of Science's publication (edited by János Váczy) of the important correspondence of Ferencz Kazinczy—one of our classics—the ninth volume has been issued. One of our best lyric poets, Sándor Endrődy, has edited splendid 'Pictures of Contemporary Hungarian Literature' in French, for distribution among visitors to the Paris Exhibition; they are full of beauties, and free from dull phrases or dry details; a Magyar version has also appeared. Our leading philosopher, Bernát Alexander, has provided a new and critical edition of Madách's Faust-like 'Tragedy of Man,' with clever annotations; while Melchior Palágyi has selected the author of this tragedy as the subject of a lengthy and enthusiastic biography, 'The Life and Poetry of Imre Madách.' Palágyi's conception of his hero is too affectionate; it is sometimes biased, so as to provoke contradiction. He occupies fresh ground in declaring his hero to be as great in lyrics as he is generally considered in philosophical drama, and in holding Madách's masterly play to be partly a mirror of his innermost soul, partly an allegory of the three epochs of Hungarian history through which the poet lived. Another noteworthy biography is Paul Erdélyi's of Bálint Balassa, a famous poet and soldier of the sixteenth century. Our leading musical writer, Kornel Abrányi, senior, has just published an imposingly comprehensive and bulky, splendidly got-up volume on 'Hungarian Music in the Nineteenth Century.' It contains seventy chapters, attractively written and accompanied by abundance of facsimiles of music, autographs, &c.

In poetry I need only mention Sándor Feleki's 'Wandering Clouds,' a collection of nearly a hundred pieces of genuine poetry of a dreamy sort, without a trace of artificiality in it. Feleki has a soft heart full of tenderness and love of humanity. More satisfactory is the dramatic crop of the year. The author of the highly successful peasant play 'The Wild Flower of Gyimes,' which I noticed a few years ago, István Géczy, has scored another success with his new farce. Although a trifle superficial in some respects, 'Mother Earth' testifies to a vigorous literary individuality; and the subject—agrarian Socialism—being "in the air," this production of an unusual literary talent made a deep impression upon the public. Elek Benedek, our great collector and purveyor of children's literature, has for the first time ventured on the stage, and made the little ones happy with a charming fairy piece, entitled 'Prince Unique.' The best original play of the twelvemonth from a literary point of view is 'Learned Professor Hatvani,' a pretty comedy in verse, by Emil Makai, the accomplished lyric poet. Hatvani, who lived in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the Faust of Hungary. Despite the great vulgarity and consequent roughness of the subject, the

writer has succeeded in studding his play with plenty of delightful aphorisms and fine episodes; altogether it is a first-rate character-comedy without a trace of triviality. There is one more piece which, as the subject will interest English readers, I may mention, although it was not successful and cannot be called good—Árpád Zigány's 'Shakespeare.' It is not without literary merits, more especially as regards stage craft, but in the treatment of persons and events the author takes such inadmissible liberties with historical truth that our best critics rightly declined to recognize in his 'Shakespeare' a "picture of the time," as it was called on the playbill.

The number of good novels has been remarkably small. Foremost stands old Jékai's 'Aged, but not Old,' a highly fantastic romance, which created the more stir as the writer (who, by the way, is extremely pleased with the new selected English edition of his novels published by Messrs. Jarrold) gave up his widower's state last year in his seventy-fifth year to marry a young lady of twenty, and the book is highly personal, though not autobiographical. Love and old age are the subjects round which the master's extraordinary imagination revolves. He squanders a whole mine of sarcasm, humour, self-mockery, bitter truth, and romantic extravagance. This strange production reads like a fascinating mixture of Boccaccio, Jules Verne, and E. T. A. Hoffmann. Ferencz Herczeg, whose last novel or two had shown signs of weakness, has improved upon them in 'Among Strangers,' to which he gives the form of "leaves from the diary of a governess." Problems and the analysis of character are not his business, but he writes amiably, humorously, and tastefully. His description of the changes going on within the soul of the heroine is exceedingly clever, and gives the reader the greatest satisfaction. Géza Gárdonyi belongs to the best writers on our peasantry, and has a rather marked style. These two advantages have secured attention to his novel 'Blue-eyed Mrs. Dávidka,' in spite of the *naïveté* of the workmanship. The superb figure of Gábor Göre, the rural judge, is a masterly creation. Versatile and widely-read Elek Benedek, author of 'Prince Unique,' has also published a short but charming tale, 'The Heart's Book,' the story of a prodigal who ultimately becomes a useful member of society. Some of the scenes of family life are as poetical as they are touching. Two more novels deserve mention. 'The Last,' by Dezső Malonyay, the well-known biographer of the late Michael Munkácsy, is a picture of a high-flown soul suffering from shattered nerves: the literary treatment of the curse of hereditary weakness is surprisingly good. Just as able is Árpád Abonyi's 'Dying Gladiator,' a minute analysis of the inner struggles of the modern townsman, here a young sculptor at variance with himself.

As for the short story, I need only mention two writers. Joseph Hevesi, editor of the *Magyar Szalon*, a first-rate Hungarian monthly, sends 'Red Oranges' to the literary market, a basketful of the fine and ripe fruits of his elegant, though vigorous talent for narrative. Pleasing humour and light melancholy are the principal charac-

teristics of these tales, the scenes of which are laid in Italy. Elek Benedek, again, is almost as good a hand at fiction as at juvenile literature. He has simultaneously printed two volumes of short stories: 'Village Bohemians,' exquisitely pretty rural narratives, with many sympathetic types, and 'Pigeons,' in which each tale deals with a noble, high-minded, truly womanly heroine. There is no new story-book of Sándor Bródy's to be noticed this time, but a novel and original undertaking of his, strongly reminding me of the kind of periodical once represented by the *Spectator* or the *Taller*. Bródy has hit on the idea of editing—and he began doing so at the New Year—a stout monthly written entirely by himself. It is called *The White Book*, and contains novels, tales, interviews, essays, reviews, criticisms, political articles, biographies, &c., all flowing from the facile pen of the writer, who is, at the same time, the proprietor of this remarkably successful periodical. Only a very popular author could venture on such an enterprise, and only one with such a marked and strong individuality as Bródy's could carry it out with an expectation of profit.

A son of the present Hungarian Minister for Commerce and Industry, Sándor Hegedűs, works the results of a long stay in America into a volume of charming, attractive sketches full of "go" and colour, entitled 'Dissolving Views.' Whenever the king of the feuilleton, Agai-Porzó (whom I have had occasion to praise in several of my previous surveys), adorns a colleague's book with one of his sprightly prefaces, that book must be no bad one; and certainly 'Old Hungarian Social Life,' by that excellent talker D'Artagnan (Count Vay), is most interesting, full of graceful accounts of famous Magyar ladies, diplomats, soldiers, &c., of the second half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries.

In philosophy, which is not generally one of the strongest points of our literature, two new books are worth noticing. Géza Kenedi's able 'Weaknesses' are a collection of thirteen strong papers on topics which are ephemeral, it is true, but that does not prevent the book from being solid, and written throughout from a higher standpoint than is usually reached in the discussion of questions of the day. Much heavier reading is contained in 'The Secret of Life,' by Gyula Dietrich, whose 'Social Questions' I had the pleasure of mentioning a few years ago. The new volume consists of six long dissertations on dreaming, telepathy, &c., and the author again shows himself to be an able writer and well-read expert. Béla Ambrozovics's 'In the Interests of Science' deals chiefly with the fundamental defects of modern scientific education in Hungary and elsewhere; and all this authority says here is so plausible that the little book has met with general recognition. Another important work treating of education is Ernő Finácz's 'History of Hungarian Education under Maria Theresa,' which begins where Aladár Molnár's well-known 'History of Public Instruction in Hungary' left off.

A leading medical man in Budapest, Rezső Temesváry, has published a work affording strange and unpleasant, but

highly interesting reading for students of folk-lore and ethnography, 'Usages and Superstitions connected with Births and the Nursing of Infants in Hungary.' The degree of industry with which he has collected his materials may be inferred from the fact that the volume, though far from thick, contains no fewer than twelve thousand details.

Let me conclude with four noteworthy contributions to political and social economy. One of our most eminent public men, Alexander V. Matkevits, has added to the long list of his works a very big one on 'The Kingdom of Hungary,' an admirably impartial treatment of the development and statistics of this country since the proclamation of its independence (1867). In 'Studies in Social Politics' Manó Somogyi, a gifted young economist, publishes seventeen excellent papers on such subjects as Capital, Socialism, Trusts, &c., mostly written in a manner that promises well for the author's future. Ferencz Kemény—secretary to the Hungarian Peace Society and member of the Permanent International Peace Office at Berne—has produced the first Hungarian book on the peace question—'The Solution of the Peace Problem'; it is a most serious and brilliant study, by an expert, from a philosophico-pedagogical point of view. The first work in our language on another all-important subject is Andor Máday's 'Woman's Work,' a highly valuable contribution, fully deserving the general praise it met with owing to its impartiality, lucidity, and conciseness. Its chief advantage is, however, that it abounds in facts, the number of which is truly astonishing considering the smallness of the space into which they are compressed.

LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

ITALY.

WE are forced to recognize the fact, singular though it be, that the most successful book of the year, from a literary as well as a commercial point of view, is a foreign production. It has awakened among us an echo of the enthusiasm with which the American public greeted Du Maurier's popular novel 'Trilby.' Henryk Sienkiewicz's 'Quo Vadis?' has been received in Italy in a manner unprecedented in the case of any of the masterpieces of our own literature. First presented to Italian readers in the translation of Federigo Verdinois, and published by Detken, of Naples, 'Quo Vadis?' at once secured the favourable attention of the press. Periodicals of highest standing reviewed it in special articles; and other publishers, foreseeing the triumphant success of the novel, hastened to bring out unauthorized versions. There arose then a somewhat delicate question of law as to the copyright, and the validity of the translator's rights conferred by the author on Verdinois. It is well known that Russia is not bound by the European Copyright Convention; and therefore, as Italian books are freely translated and published in Russia, the same procedure was adopted in Italy with those of Sienkiewicz. Detken, however, was of opinion that a provision of our Civil Code, by virtue of which a foreigner in Italy enjoys the same rights as an Italian, might apply to the case of the Polish novelist. But the courts did not consider

this provision applicable to a case of copyright, which comes under special legislation. They therefore decided the case against Detken, and in favour of the alleged violators of copyright, who proved their good faith and their incontestable right. The result was that, after the decision, popular editions of 'Quo Vadis?' were multiplied, and the run of the book was still greater than before. The novel was even dramatized and performed on many successive evenings at a popular theatre in Rome, to the satisfaction of the modern Quirites, who were thus enabled to live over again, for a moment, the decadent and luxurious life of imperial Rome.

The popularity of the novel reached such a point that illustrated postcards even appeared, with subjects taken from it. What more can be said? When, in Italy, a person, an event, or a movement is considered worthy of being recorded on a postcard, one may say that it has touched the highest point of celebrity. An old French proverb says, "Tout finit par des chansons." At the present day, among ourselves, we might say that all ends in a postcard. It is incredible what a degree this mania has reached. One might almost suppose it to have been an idea of the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, if ministers in our country ever permitted themselves to have ideas.

The other literary event of the year was Edmond Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' which has been fortunate enough to find a spirited translator in Mario Giobbe, and an impassioned interpreter in the actor Andrea Maggi, who has been successfully representing the part at all the principal theatres. This, too, is a notable phenomenon, and shows that Italy is still open to the attractions of foreign literature, while it does not testify in favour of an artistic and literary chauvinism. Is this for good or for evil? "That is the question," which I shall not try to answer, but content myself with simply pointing it out.

The two facts thus adduced by way of introduction show that Italian literature has again this year not been characterized by the appearance of any work capable of compelling general admiration. Our best writers are either gathering their forces in preparation for some future masterpiece, or resting and waiting for the moment of inspiration. Giosuè Carducci has, alas! already given to his country the best of his genius; Antonio Fogazzaro is working at his anxiously expected 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno'; Giovanni Verga has been silent for some time. Gabriele d'Annunzio, after completing his 'Fuoco,' of which I shall speak later on, has given himself up, with youthful ardour, to militant politics, in search of new emotions—a precious leaven for future novels belonging to the cycles which he is preparing. Giuseppe Giacosa alone, returning to the stage where he has scored so many successes in the past, has produced a fine comedy ('Come le Foglie'), full of life and realism, and constructed with all the skill of a veteran craftsman.

But, let it be noted, all this does not mean that the year ending this June has not been fertile in good and useful books. If there has been a lack of masterpieces of the first order, I must not on that account complain

of the annual production, either as regards quantity or quality. There still goes on the useful and modest work of a band of writers, continually strengthened by fresh accessions from the younger generation. I can cite new names of hopeful promise who, by their recent efforts, have given good assurance for the future in every department of literature, science, and art.

This year—which in the history of the Catholic world will be called the Anno Santo, or year of jubilee—might in a literary sense, as far as Italy is concerned, be called the Dantesque year, since in it coincide centenaries of Dante's vision, and also of the year of his priorate (1300). I hope it will not seem strange if I dwell at some length on Dante, and insist on the importance (which is more than merely literary) of this Dantesque revival, the dawn of which was already visible last year. It answers to the present state of the Italian conscience, which, wearied and pained by a present out of harmony with its aspirations, seeks guidance and comfort in a return to the glorious traditions embodied in the immortal book which is its Bible. There is no question of a formal and academic revival, like the one of thirty-five years back, when the fifth centenary of the divine poet's birth was celebrated, neither have we to do with the fantastic exegesis of commentators in search of new and far-fetched interpretations of this or that one among the most crabbied verses of the 'Divine Comedy.' What we are concerned with is the study of the times, of events, and of the poet's works, in relation to the genius of his race and his masterly art. We have to deal with a genuine return to the purest and most vivifying springs of Italian art. We are tired of all the dry bones of academic discussions and rhetoric old and new, and spirits desirous of freedom and strength find their master and leader in the most ardent and rebellious genius Italy ever had.

The cult of the hero as poet has taken at the present day a form which would have pleased even Carlyle, since he is celebrated by the younger men, and becoming more and more popular. The Florentines, to whom in the first instance is due the credit of this awakening, have now formally inaugurated a Dante lectureship in the hall of the Loggia di Orsanmichele (originally built as a granary), and from this centre the good seed has been scattered through all the cities of the peninsula. Lectures on Dante and readings from his works have been given everywhere this year, and the finest cantos of the 'Commedia' have even been recited on the stage. In fact, the poet has been all the rage, and the natural eloquence, not to say verbosity, of the Italians must have found utterance to the full in this enthusiasm. But besides speeches we have had some good and serious pieces of work. In the "Biblioteca Storico-Critica della Letteratura Dantesca," edited by G. L. Passerini and P. Papa, have appeared some excellent monographs, such as Prof. Felice Tocco's on 'Dante and Heresy,' based on new and curious documents, and another by Nicola Zingarelli on 'The Historical Character of Folchetto da Marsiglia.'

The studies devoted to the treatment of a special subject cannot detract from the

importance of the first among them, in order of time as well as in other respects—that under the direction of the illustrious Francesco Torraca, author of the best existing manual of Italian literary history, a man of distinguished scholarship and powerful intellect. He is one of the pupils of Francesco de Sanctis, but to the genial criticism learnt in the school of his great master he adds a solid erudition drawn from the fountain-head. In the Ministry of Public Instruction, Torraca has charge of the whole system of secondary education, both classical and technical, and amid all the cares of his high office he has not neglected his studies or literature. The "Biblioteca Critica della Letteratura Italiana," edited by him, and published by Sansoni, keeps on increasing in value with each new volume. Among the more recent instalments I may mention the translation (revised and corrected by the author) of Edward Moore's studies on 'Notes of Time in the "Divina Commedia."'

To return to Dante and close the long list of publications referring to him, I may mention the sixth volume of Carlo del Balzo's work entitled 'Poesie di Mille Autori intorno a Dante Alighieri,' which, in twelve volumes, will be a complete collection of poems, including those written in imitation of Dante in all languages. Neither must I omit the excellent Milan lectures of the Società Dantesca, which will shortly see the light under the title of 'La Vita e la Cultura Italiana al Tempo di Dante.' The names of the authors—P. del Giudice, N. Tamassia, Paul Sabatier, L. Rocca, &c.—are a sufficient recommendation.

The history of our literature is still cultivated to great profit by the best critics. Antonio Belloni has produced an excellent account of the seventeenth century, included in the Vallardi series (Milan), which also contains two volumes by G. Volpi and V. Rossi on the fourteenth century and the Renaissance. Belloni's work is a brilliant and careful synthesis of all the productions of that singular century which, in its passion for novelty, gave life to incongruous and ill-proportioned literary forms—to what may best be designated by the Italian word *barocchismo*. The centenary of Giuseppe Parini has given occasion for several excellent publications, the principal of which is the 'Parini Album,' compiled by Giuseppe Fumagalli, and containing collected reproductions of autographs, portraits, monuments, souvenirs, and personal relics of the poet. This precious material is a great help to any one wishing to make a detailed study of Parini. Among other works of literary criticism I may cite Dino Mantovani's 'Il Poeta Soldato,' the first complete monograph on Ippolito Nievo, the Garibaldian soldier, and author of the novel 'Confessioni d'un Ottuagenario,' a marvellous study of Italian characters and surroundings, which ought to be translated into English. We have also the 'Simpatie' of Ferd. Martini, the illustrious Tuscan writer, who is now Governor of Erythraea, and who speaks, in the purest and most elegant style, of Carlo Goldoni, of Gherardo del Testa, writer of comedies, of Montanelli, of Luigi Ferrari, and of other names dear to him. I may also mention the 'Conferenze e Discorsi' of Enrico Pan-

zacchi, the critical studies of Alessandro Chiappelli (now collected into a volume under the title 'Leggendo e Meditando'), the valuable studies in contemporary literature published by Vittorio Pica (who, in his volume 'Letteratura d' Eccezione,' deals competently enough with the most singular of recent French authors from Paul Verlaine to Anatole France), the brilliant critical discussions of Vincenzo Morello, published under the title 'Nell' Arte e nella Vita,' the 'Memorie' of the prolific Edmondo de Amicis, the 'Conversazioni Letterarie' of G. A. Cesareo, the 'Prose Critiche di Storia e d' Arte' of Alfonso Bertoldi, and the 'Beata Riva' of Angelo Conti, a vivacious and eccentric genius, a passionate lover of art, of which he treats with an enthusiasm as fervent as his admiration and affection for his friend and master D'Annunzio.

Two curious, but important books, which have to be placed in a class by themselves, are the life of Giacomo Leopardi, described as written by himself, but, in fact, compiled with great industry by Giuseppe Piergili, a mosaic of extracts from the poet's letters and other works; and the 'Letters' of Luigi Fornaciari, published by his son Raphael, in which there lives again the image of one of those antique purists who felt all the Puritan nobility of the literary calling. These letters of Fornaciari's are exceedingly delightful, and present a picture of Italian, and more especially Tuscan life between 1830 and 1850—when the first railway was considered a work of the devil, and a steam-engine was called by linguistic purists "the fire-vomiting car."

But it is time to turn to poetry and pure art. On the credit side of the poetical account of this year we find Gabriele d'Annunzio's 'Laudi del Cielo, del Mare, della Terra, e degli Eroi,' full, I need hardly say, of images, visions, and thoughts of wonderful beauty, with a faint archaic perfume of Franciscan poetry. The 'Praise of Dante,' recited in Orsanmichele, is a hymn to the poet. D'Annunzio is full of vigour; he is a master of form; his scholarship, both classical and modern, is extensive, and he is able to do what he will: everything he does bears the stamp of the artist.

But the most important productions of the year are Giovanni Pascoli's 'Poemetti' and Vittoria Aganoor's verses entitled 'Leggenda Eterna.' Pascoli has a marked individuality, a form all his own, and a most peculiar manner of treating the subjects of his poems. He appears to be the poet of little things, of the humblest objects; his first collection of verses was entitled 'Myricæ,' in allusion to Virgil's "humiles myricæ." In humble, rustic subjects he attains the heights of inspiration. "In tenui labor," but also "In tenui alma poesis," and one may well, in speaking of Pascoli, who has won the prize in the annual Latin verse competition in Holland, permit oneself the luxury of a Latin quotation. The 'Poemetti' nearly all treat of rural subjects, and are a sufficient proof of the richness of Italian genius, drawing fresh inspiration from the strength of nature. Vittoria Aganoor's verses might be signed by the best of our authors. The roll of Italian poetesses is a long one, and there would be no use in adding to it. V. Aganoor has acquired

a mastery of form and an experience in her art which, with a fancy rich with visions and a heart full of feeling, entitle us to call her, not a poetess, but a true poet. These verses, already known and admired by the Italian public in the pages of the best magazines, and now published by Treves in the "Collezione Bijou," prove that Italy has, in the pupil of Giacomo Zanella, another poet—passionate, full of colour, with a mysticism all her own, and full of an Oriental languor. Besides these names I would register two others—Severino Ferrari, the sincere and robust Romagnole artist, who has published a volume of sonnets entitled 'Primavera Fiorentina'; and Antonio della Porta, a notable writer from the Abruzzi, who in his 'Canzoni' has given new life to an ancient and classical form by applying it, with vigorous realism, to modern and original matter.

Passing to the novels, I find in the first place Gabriele d'Annunzio's 'Fuoco,' if, indeed, I can call it a novel. It is a piece of psychological vivisection, totally wanting in action, but abounding in dialogues and descriptions, which make up, as it were, a fascinating strain of music. This is a book which cannot be judged by the ordinary criteria, as it stands alone. It has been criticized and even blamed on the erroneous supposition that it is one of the usual novels constructed on conventional lines. In my opinion it is a work of art, judged from any point of view, full of wonderful passages which no one else could have written. There are eccentricities, exaggerations, repetitions, say the critics, but there are also the genius and the art of this exquisite writer. This book alone might be the text of a long article, whereas I must leave it to glance at other works of imagination: 'L' Illusione,' by Federico de Roberto, depicting a shallow and fickle woman in search of a sincere love; 'La Signorina,' by Girolamo Rovetta, a good study of character and environment; 'Il Giuoco dell' Amore,' by Ugo Ojetti, a modern study of great subtlety; 'Sant' Elena,' by Giuseppe de Rossi, the meritorious writer of taking romances, a story full of sadness and passion; 'Le Militaresse,' by Capt. Olivieri San Giacomo, a caustic analysis of Italian military life; 'Un Duello,' by F. Crispolti, which boldly maintains the Church's doctrine against duelling; and lastly, a volume by Signorina Antonietta Giacomelli, 'A Raccolta,' in which, under the form of a novel, she continues her sociological and educational teaching, with a pinch of conciliation between the Pope and Italy thrown in.

The stage has scored no great successes. I have already mentioned Giuseppe Giacosa's comedy 'Come le Foglie,' the most important dramatic production of the year. I may note also Augusto Novelli's 'Dopo,' a highly coloured drama; 'La Scuola del Marito,' by Giannina Antona-Traversi, very modern and somewhat risky; and E. A. Butti's 'La Corsa al Piacere.' Among theatrical publications two merit special mention: the richly illustrated work of Luigi Rasi, 'I Comici Italiani, Biografia, Bibliografia, Iconografia,' which is of importance for the ancient and modern history of the Italian stage; and the translation of

Shelley's 'Cenci' executed with great skill and fidelity by Adolfo de Bosis, and published in the *Convito*, an expensive periodical issued from time to time at Rome. It appears that the 'Cenci' will shortly be acted on the Italian stage.

The mention of Shelley's drama brings me back to history. I must single out a work of the highest importance—the critical edition of the 'Rerum Italicarum Scriptores,' which, under the able direction of Giosuè Carducci, has opened with two large volumes edited by Vittorio Fiorini. Muratori's great work, a wonderful achievement for its time, could not be carried out on scientific principles, partly owing to the difficulties of the undertaking, partly because the methods of criticism were at that time uncertain, and partly on account of the obstacles interposed by the Church. A new edition of our ancient chronicles, imperfectly published by Muratori, who often omitted passages which to us are of the greatest importance, was absolutely necessary. Carducci has supported the enterprise with all the weight of his name, and thus we shall have a 'Monumenta Italiane Historica' which will worthily supplement Muratori. The advice given by Ugo Foscolo to his countrymen, "Italiani, io vi esorto alle storie," is still being faithfully followed. Every year we have some useful and handsome publications, and now I have to record a volume by R. de Cesare on the Conclave of Leo XIII., reprinted with additions; the same author's 'La Fine d'un Regno' (that of the Neapolitan Bourbons); Carlo Calisse's 'Storia di Civitavecchia'; Paolo Orsi's 'Storia d'Italia Contemporanea'; an essay by F. Guardione on Joachim Murat in Italy; a curious monograph, compiled with great industry by Ludovico Frati, on private life in Bologna from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century; Agostino Lapini's 'Diario Fiorentino,' forming a sequel to that of Luca Landucei, published by Sansoni; and a work which will appear shortly, due to the researches of our illustrious historian P. Villari, 'Le Invasioni Barbariche in Italia.' Historical studies would seem to be congenial to the Italians. The Comune of Florence has contributed to the history of the city a volume richly illustrated, and entitled 'Il Centro di Firenze: Studi Storici e Ricordi Artistici.' Along with this valuable work I may class some others recommended by the sumptuousness of their exterior, though dealing with various subjects. We have, in the first place, the narrative of the ill-fated Bottego expedition; the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition to Mount St. Elias, described by Dr. Filippo de' Filippi, and illustrated by Vittorio Sella (an English translation of which, by Signora Linda Villari, has just appeared); the fourth volume of the 'Gallerie Nazionali,' published at the Government expense by Adolfo Venturi; a monograph on 'Bernini, la sua Opera, il suo Tempo,' by S. Frascchetti; and 'Sandro Botticelli,' by B. Supino.

In conclusion, I must now glance at the scientific output. The archaeological discoveries at Rome, the *Stele arcaica*, the Oriental Congress, the Congress of Christian Archaeology, the centenaries of Paulus Diaconus and Francesco Filelfo, the commemoration of the great legal writer Francesco Carrara, of Lucca, and other events, have given rise to many valuable publica-

tions which cannot here be enumerated. The history of Rome has found an able exponent in Ettore Pais, who discusses its facts and legends by the light of the best modern criticism. On the *Stele arcaica*, besides various papers, there is an invaluable monograph by Senator Domenico Compagnotti. Besides archaeology, excellent work has been done in philology, philosophy, and political science. Among works dealing with the first-named I may mention the 'Fonti dell'Orlando,' by P. Rajna, who in the second edition of his classic work has amassed a quantity of fresh researches and parallels, and Egidio Gorra's studies in comparative literature entitled 'Tra Drammi e Poemi.' Of philosophical publications there are S. Venturi's study in mental pathology, 'Le Mostruosità dello Spirito,' and the works of N. Fornelli, C. Trivero, and Gio. Vidari, the last-named having won the Ravizza Prize with his 'Rosmini-Spencer.' In the department of science I note the 'Piccolo Mondo Ignoto' of Paolo Liroy and Angelo Celli's studies of recent researches on malaria, 'La Malaria secondo le Nuove Ricerche.' One political treatise of great merit is that of Pietro Bertolini, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, on English local government, 'Il Governo Locale Inglese e le sue Relazioni con la Vita Nazionale,' resembling Boutmy's dissertation on the constitution of the State, and proving that serious studies may be cultivated, even in the Italian Parliament, and by members of our Government. Most novel and most important to any readers desirous of becoming acquainted with the origins of the present Italian State is F. S. Nitti's 'Nord e Sud,' in which are studied the various contributions made by the ancient Italian states to the unity of the modern kingdom. Nitti's work is the *résumé* of a learned and ponderous monograph, full of statistical data, published by the Accademia Reale di Naples, and destroys many legends, showing how ill understood and worse treated were the populations of Southern Italy. It is an outspoken piece of writing which does honour to the young professor at the Naples University, the author also of 'Il Socialismo Cattolico,' which has been translated into English.

GUIDO BIAGI.

NORWAY.

THERE was one among the publications of the last twelvemonth which, as soon as it appeared, found a place for itself in the general literature of the whole civilized world, *i.e.*, Henrik Ibsen's latest drama, 'When We Dead Awaken.' As indicated by the venerable author's own words, "a dramatic epilogue," written on its title-page, this work is actually intended to mark the final stage of an epoch; it is to be the last link in the chain of ideas that have occupied his mind since 'A Doll's House' appeared twenty years ago.

There can be no need for giving here a detailed account of the play, as Mr. W. Archer's excellent translation has already placed it before the British public. Briefly, therefore, its subject is once again the well-known tragic situation in which an artist's intense existence within the realms of art deadens his capacities and inclination for what is generally accepted as human happiness. Thus Ibsen's sculptor

hero forgets that the woman whose inspiration roused his genius, and enabled him to create a masterpiece, is a living human creature, and has claims on him far beyond his inanimate creation; and when this neglected helpmate retires in anger and grief, she takes away with her what was to him as the breath of his life, and a carping distrust of art and of himself is all that remains with him. In sheer misery he attempts by plunging into social distractions to deaden the sensation by which his energies are crippled, then marries a fashionable pleasure-loving woman; but nothing is of any avail. He has lost the power of spontaneous enjoyment, and of all that meets his eyes he only sees the wrong and seamy side. Of course, also, he remains no longer the rigid independent artist of his early days, for he has learnt to wish to please the public, who reward him with praise and patronage, but in his innermost self there is an ever-gnawing pain of regret. Somehow an accidental encounter once again brings together the two kindred spirits of long ago, but it is only to prove to them both that since their parting they have lived as though they were dead, and even now—when, yearning as of old for clear sublime altitudes, they believe themselves reawakened to a new life—reality undermines the ground beneath them, and they perish.

There can be no doubt that so eminent a dramatist as Ibsen has been absolutely successful in rounding off into admirable scenes these rather abstract materials, but wherever, as yet, the piece has been represented, the too obvious presence of some underlying meaning has interfered with perfect illusion, nor can it be denied that dramatic interest always suffers from too much retrospection in the early portions of a play. So it is here. However, much must be conceded to the dominant influence of the author's age, evident throughout. We who, with all due deference, permit ourselves to judge and criticize, have as yet not reached those serene heights where chill worldly wisdom dwells.

Jonas Lie also, like the elder writer, has chosen an artist's career for the subject of his this year's novel. Both writers seem to have drawn largely on personal experience, their difference of temperament being made clearly evident. Where Ibsen's drama reveals concentrated self-consciousness coupled with much that is tender, Jonas Lie's novel, 'Faste Forland,' shows its author's frank disposition and absolute faith in the eventual triumph of life's healthy instincts, as clearly as when in his youth, after the usual fate of an inexperienced financial promoter, the inevitable final shock only broke the chrysalis to send forth the novelist. And all the best qualities of this delightful narrator show themselves once again in this his latest volume, which would doubtless appeal favourably to many in the country that loves Dickens. On the other hand, English readers more seriously inclined would value the later books of Arne Garborg for their clear reasoning and fearless inquiries into life's realities, presented as they are with a masterly perfection of language and imagery. His last Christmas production, 'Den burtkomne Faderen,' is a clever narrative in

monologue form about silenced doubts and fears, written with the same purpose to fight the good fight and win back the belief in an all-good, almighty Ruler. In an article like this it is only possible to point out how intelligent, thinking readers of Garborg's book are charmed by the purer atmosphere into which he leads them, where no clash of arms resounds.

Among other important publications of the last year should be mentioned Gunnar Heiberg's Aristophanic comedy 'Harald Svan's Mother,' which almost pitilessly lays bare the moral degradation of modern sensationalism; next Peter Egge's grand novel 'Gammelholm,' and H. E. Kinck's cycle of novelettes, some of which show the ideal conciseness and clearness of diction so desirable in this kind of literature, yet so rarely attained. Both Thomas and Vilhelm Krag have, each in his own way, produced good work; and from among our younger authors death has all too soon removed Gabriel Finne, the uncompromising naturalist.

The fraternity of older writers has suffered a supreme loss by the death of J. B. Halvorsen, our greatest authority on all literary matters, amiable, although omniscient, just at the moment when he had almost finished his 'Norsk Forfatter Lexicon.' In compensation as it were, his junior, Hjalmar Pettersen, has succeeded in publishing his first volume of a bibliographical index to older Norwegian literature, under the name of 'Bibliotheca Norvegica.'

Side by side with these purely reference works we find a descriptive history of literature during the thirties of this century, by Prof. Gerhard Gran, called 'Norges Dæmring,' and Prof. Arne Løchen's excellent biographical sketch of the poet Welhaven, who was one of the two great celebrities of that same age, and the determined enemy of his rival Wergeland; also T. Blanc's 'History of the Christiania Theatre,' a most useful compilation.

Our history of art, which is not particularly well supplied, has been enriched by L. Dietrichson's biography of Hans Gude, the painter, which, richly illustrated as it is, appears to be highly ornamental as well as useful. The recently commenced issue of 'Norge i det 19^{de} Aarhundred' owes much of its attractive appearance to fine illustrations, the best pens and pencils having combined to make this publication a worthy record of our country as a really modern realm. Less ambitiously planned, there appears at the same time a *résumé* of Norway's present state of culture as compared with earlier days, which, as it is designed to circulate in foreign countries, has been translated into English and French. Perhaps before long it will be noticed by others than a countryman and contributor.

Among the specialist writers of our nation's history should be mentioned Dr. Alex. Bugge for his thoroughgoing dissertation on Norway's old townships and their origin; also Huitfeldt Kaas, Keeper of the Records, for his monograph on 'Norwegian Seals of the Middle Ages'; Joh. Skougaard for his official account of the development of Norway's system of roads and highways; and Koren Wiberg for his treatise on the old offices of the Hanseatic

League in Bergen, called 'Tyskebryggen,' accurately and plentifully illustrated.

Philology has this year been represented by the following publications: 'Norwegian Syntax,' by Alf. Torp and H. Falk; a monograph 'Over den trønderiske Dialekt,' by M. Hægstad; 'Edda Kvadene,' retranslated by G. A. Giessing; and 'Norske Barnerim,' by B. Støylen. Over and above these works there has been a renewed contest between the rival camps of Landsmaal and Rigemaal, one side urging the substitution of an artificial aggregate of dialects for the usual Norwegian written language, the other opposing any such innovation, the two representatives of the contending parties being the poets Bjørnson and Garborg.

An essay by Dr. Andreas M. Hansen on the psychology of the Norwegian people has also led to serious disputes because it trenches on national points of quarrel, the author maintaining a possibility of proving that the difference between Conservative and Radical electors in the country might be traceable to racial differences (*i. e.*, brachycephalæ contra dolichocephalæ).

Natural science has been enriched this year by Prof. K. Birkeland's exhaustive and original treatise on sun spots, published in French; also by the first volume of a scientific examination of Nansen's Arctic expedition, published in English, and Prof. G. O. Sars's work on Norway's Crustacea.

In conclusion, it may interest English readers to know that a detailed account of a journey of discovery through South Africa is being published by Knut Dahl.

CHR. BRINCHMANN.

POLAND.

THE Nestor of our novelists, T. T. Jez, a man who has rendered many services to literature, has recently increased the number of valuable works which he has written by publishing a tale, 'By the Waters of Babylon,' which describes the melancholy life led by the Polish refugees in Paris. Madame E. Orzeszko, who also belongs to the older generation, still continues to improve, so far, at least, as the artistic form of her fictions is concerned, and, in my opinion at any rate, her latest romance, 'The Argonauts,' is even more mature than any of her previous efforts. The hero of this novel, a great banker named Darwid, had always concentrated his efforts on acquiring wealth, importance, and honours. He believed only in money and ability, but at length he is forced to acknowledge that these two powers, although they can achieve much, are nevertheless unable to win hearts and to vanquish death. His favourite daughter dies; the second quits his house in company with her mother; his son emigrates to America; and abandoned by all, greatly through his own fault, Darwid kills himself. The character of the banker is admirably delineated, and there are several most successful silhouettes of "the moderns," who see nothing in the world behind their self-seeking individualism, and despise all elevated feelings and unselfish views as antiquated prejudices. The chief figure in the tale of S. Zeromski, 'The Homeless Race,' recalls the 'People's Enemy' of Ibsen, and it is besides pervaded by a boundless pessimism which prevents the hero and heroine of the story, a youthful doctor of medicine and a young teacher,

from finding in marriage happiness and a home, although their hearts are united by a devoted and noble love for one another. The objection has been urged, not without grounds, that this novel forms no artistic whole, but a collection of episodes, yet this defect does not prevent its being a work of great talent, and undoubtedly it is one of the most striking productions of Polish fiction that have appeared of late years. W. Sieroszewski has, along with Zeromski, of our younger authors, obtained the fullest recognition from the public and the critics. He is more especially a lover of exotic scenes; he prefers to lay the scenes of his stories in foreign distant lands like Siberia and the Caucasus, and shows himself a true master of the description of nature and of the portrayal of character. In 'Risztan' he relates the experiences of a Polish family in the Caucasus, and in 'The Abyss of Misery' the heart-breaking sufferings, physical and moral, of the lepers in a Siberian hospital. 'The Eye of the Prophet,' by W. Lozinski, is an historical novel dealing with the seventeenth century, whose greatest merit lies not in a whole series of romantic adventures, but rather an uncommonly artistic arrangement of an historical background and historical colouring. The principal character in the latest tale of A. Gruszecki, 'For a Million,' is a Jewish man of business who in his search for gold knows no moral limits or scruples. The realities of life are here most truly depicted, as they always are in this author's works. 'The Diaries of Munio,' by M. Balucki, are mainly a witty satire on the unhealthy tendencies of our youngest poets and painters; and almost the same theme is handled in the 'Letters of a Madman,' by A. Niemojewski, only in a tragic spirit, while in his tales under the title of 'Prometheus' he contrives, while introducing scenes that make the reader shudder, to describe at the same time pleasing situations inspired by noble feeling. 'Trifles,' a collection of short stories by A. Sygietynski, is noteworthy for excellence of style; and the latest 'Village Tales' and the story 'The Hare,' by A. Dygasinski, show all the gifts of this practical master of the animal world and rural life. In 'The Forest' of W. Zmudzki are described with singular intensity the efforts made by a young man of the farming class, at the risk of his liberty, to awaken among the peasantry a sense of nationality.

There is no reason to regret the scarcity of lyric poetry. New collections of verses have indeed appeared by various authors, such as J. Zulawski, A. Lange, &c. K. Tetmajer, too, who stands at the head of young poets, has lately published a new volume. But the leader of "the Moderns," S. Przybyszewski, writes his poetry in prose, and continues the practice in his recent effusions, 'On the Sea,' 'In the Path of Souls,' and 'Androgyne,' but except to the initiated he remains unintelligible; the thought in his works loses itself in dreamy phantoms and apocalyptic phraseology.

There is nothing of importance in the way of drama. There are some new farces and some plays by authors of no repute, who have made no real addition to the literature of the stage. I need only mention 'The Sonata,' a piece in modern style by J. Kisielewski. S. Wyspianski in

his tragedies 'Protesilaus and Laodamia' and 'The Curse' proves himself a poet. Greek tragedy is his model, but he endeavours to combine ancient idealism with the often brutal realism of to-day, and this daring attempt often creates a sense of discord in his works.

The celebration last month of the fifth centenary of the Jagellonian University at Cracow led to the appearance of various publications more or less connected with it, such as 'The University of Wilna,' by J. Bielinski, and 'The High School of Warsaw, 1862-1869,' by some former pupils. The distinguished critic P. Chmielewski has written a 'History of Polish Literature' in six volumes, undoubtedly the first work of the kind which has afforded a synthetic account of the whole of our literature. Of several other books which deserve to be chronicled I can only select for mention the most important: 'Polish Heraldry in the Middle Ages,' by F. Piekosinski, a volume most important to the historian; 'Literary Criticism in France,' by E. Przewoski; 'The Devil in Poetry,' by J. Matuszewski; 'St. Francis of Assisi,' by a writer of much taste, E. Porembowicz; 'Studies and Sketches from the History of Art and Civilization,' by M. Sokolowski; 'Studies and Impressions' of an æsthetic character, by A. Lange; and 'One of the Journeys round the Globe,' by H. Zapalowiez. Nature and its observation are the aims of these two volumes, which in many passages possess scientific value, while others are genuinely poetical.

A. BELCİKOWSKI.

RUSSIA.

In one of his brilliant and clever books Friedrich Nietzsche speaks of the type of the *Bildungsphilister* which has been so developed at the present time. The Philistine, as we know, appears in opposition to the artistic nature, an opposition easily recognizable and recognized by himself. The new differentiation of this type, the *Bildungsphilister*, is distinguished from his ancient brother by the fact that being the same stupid barbarian, but covered with a little lacquer, he thinks that he is also a true son of the Muses. Intoxicated by the consciousness that there are many like him, he takes quantity for quality, and considers the false coin of current prejudices to be real gold. When the time comes allotted for real payment the self-inebriated Philistine appears a bankrupt.

This is just what has happened during the past year in Russia, the journalism of which is almost entirely in the hands of representatives of the above type. The past year has been for us Russians an historical era because we celebrated the centenary of the birth of Pushkin, the hundredth anniversary of our own intellectual birth, for we begin with Pushkin, who was the Peter the Great of Russian poetry. Was not this the suitable moment for people who consider themselves the guides of public opinion—people in whose hands are the newspapers, the reviews, and the universities—to examine their forces, to sum up results, and to signalize the national festivity by the peaceful development of fresh ideas? Certainly, but nothing of the kind was done; the newspapers and reviews were filled with personal

questions, trivial mutual insinuations, the false tinkle of bad coin. There did not appear a single book or a single essay worthy of the great poet, and the historical date which should have been the joyful festival of a great people forms another ignominious page in our literary chronicle.

During those days Leo Tolstoi, who ought to have spoken, said nothing. But at an earlier period, in his work on 'Art,' the great novelist had superfluously shown the undoubted truth that it is possible to be an artist of genius and to have the most perverted literary judgment—to forget Shelley and to be in ecstasies over the sentimental mediocrity of Schiller—as we see in the book above mentioned on 'Art,' which abounds in similar mistakes. Moreover, Leo Tolstoi during last year was occupied with other matters; he was working at his novel 'The Resurrection,' which has formed an important addition to Russian literature. I had occasion to speak of this novel in the *Athenæum* last year, but at that time I expressed my opinion of the first chapters only, which were printed in the journal *Niva*, and had been mutilated by the Russian censorship. Two English editions of 'The Resurrection' have now appeared, in which the text is printed in its entirety, without any erasures by the censor. In its complete form the novel produces a different impression: the deficiencies caused by the desire of the author to impart instruction and to be a moralist are less apparent, and the purely artistic merits of the work are thrown into more relief. 'The Resurrection' presents a remarkably complicated picture, parts of which may produce a frigid impression upon the spectator, or even shock his feelings, but it is, considered as a whole, a magnificent fresco not to be forgotten and unique. It is impossible to express any deep regrets that Leo Tolstoi has not openly given himself up to a purely artistic impulse, as he did in his Homerically great novels 'Anna Karenina' and 'War and Peace.' But in spite of all the fatiguing deficiencies of his improving and sermonizing manner, the new novel shows that Tolstoi even now, when his life is drawing to a close, may furnish us with types and create effects with all the force of youth. The description of spring at the beginning of the novel; the description of the *maison publique* and the fallen women; the description of the malodorous prison, which depressed even the attendants in it; the breaking up of the ice; the autumnal night when the heroine Katusha runs after the train in which Nekhludov, who has deceived her, is departing; the various scenes of convict life—all these are pictures such as show an artist of the first rank who understands how to be responsive to the most varying demands. We see in the novel a long series of living types, of which each has separate and individual features: the heroine Katusha, who is magnanimous enough to refuse marriage with Prince Nekhludov; the stupid Count Ivan Mikhailovich, who is convinced that it was decided for him by nature, just as it is for a bird to fly, that he should ride in the best carriages, and receive for his stupidity rewards from the Government; the official Toporov, who has assigned to him the duty of applying constraint to the religious conscience

of the people; the general who has the care of one of the districts in Siberia, and continually gets drunk to avoid seeing the irregularities perpetrated in his district. Moreover, there are the various characters among the prisoners: the old mystic who is unjustly detained in prison; the young revolutionaries, the Pole Lozinski and the Jew Rozovski, who are unjustly hanged—all these figures are taken from life, and convey a complete impression of the severities practised in Russia.

The second remarkable appearance in Russian literature during the year which has passed was the novel of Maxim Gorski, 'Thomas Gordeyev.' A complete edition of the works of Maxim Gorski has been undertaken by a publishing firm, and up to the present time one volume has appeared; there will be five in all. Among contemporary authors M. Gorski at once took one of the first places. He stands on a level with such considerable writers as Anton Chekh, the excellent impressionist, full of delicate humour and elegant pathos; A. Ertel, an admirable portrayer of the life of Russian "superior persons," but as yet unappreciated by the general public; and T. Yasinski, a novelist full of colour and poetic feeling. The incontestable right of Gorski to one of the first places is proved by his passionate lyric gift, as fresh and bright as a spring morning. Moreover, he first appeared as an artist, who, with deep love and great diversity, pictured the life of the so-called *bosiaki* (the barefooted), i.e., the vagabonds who have been forced from the grooves of a regular life, and constrained to live as mendicants, trusting to chance work and opportunities for thieving. Owing to the economic and moral disorganization of Russia, the number of such *bosiaki* is very great. There is no town in which some may not be found, and there is no group of these poor creatures among whom some one may not be discovered who has a vigorous mind, depressed talents, and a capacity for speaking in a bright peculiar language abounding in proverbial expressions, quaint sayings, and clever similes. In this sense the tales of Gorski are interesting and very spirited, such as 'Emilian Pilayi' and 'Chelkash.' Poetical and curious as a gospel of individualism are the stories 'Makar Chudra,' 'Old Mother Izergil,' and 'The Song about the Falcon.' As an artist inclined to give a poetical investiture to strong personalities Maxim Gorski deserves our hearty sympathy. He justly says by the lips of his heroine, Old Mother Izergil, "You are born old men, you Russians; you are all as gloomy as demons"; and further on:—

"Don't I then see life? Ah! I see everything, although my eyes are bad. And I can see that people do not live, but they are always preparing themselves, preparing themselves for something, and upon this they base their lives. And when they have frittered themselves away and lost time, then they begin to lament fate. But what is fate? Every one is his fate! I now see all sorts of people, but there are no strong ones."

This just contempt for our dull contemporary life has inspired M. Gorski in many passionate pages, which are instinct with a powerful and original personality. Gorski

has shown himself with sufficient precision in his smaller tales, but has come forward as a novelist also, and, to judge by his first novel, he is even more vigorous in this branch of writing. 'Thomas Gordeyev' was a literary manifestation, in many respects no less important than the last work of Tolstoi. This novel, which depicts the life of the tradesmen who live about the Volga, is as complete and finished as a lyrical poem. The types are powerfully drawn with bold strokes, and the language of the tradesmen, always picturesque and incisive, has for the first time in Russia found its artist. The celebrated dramatist Ostrovski, now dead, who established a reputation as the best describer of *bourgeois* life, is unmistakably inferior to Maxime Gorski, before whom lies a brilliant literary future, if he understands how to keep in proper restraint his still youthful talents.

In the January number of the journal *Zhizn*, in which M. Gorski's productions generally appear, an excellent tale has been published by Chekhov, 'In the Ravine' ('V Ovrage'), one of the best compositions of this meritorious artist, who enjoys in Russia a great and deserved reputation. Some of his tales have also been translated into foreign languages—French, German, Danish, &c. It is to be wished that the English public could be made acquainted with them, since he is one of the most characteristic Russian writers. A complete collection of his works has begun to appear at St. Petersburg. The talented Minski, the author of a philosophical work, 'In the Light of Conscience,' the translator of the *Iliad* of Homer, and the writer of philosophical poems, has published a drama, 'Alma.' Interesting in its plot, it has already succeeded in provoking the attacks of "liberal" critics, who never lose an opportunity of a thrust at this highly educated and interesting writer, who always goes his own way. Another prominent poet, Merezhovski, who is author of a fine work, 'The Eternal Companions' ('Viechnie Sputniki'), under which title are included essays on Montaigne, Calderon, Ibsen, and others, has translated also the three Greek tragedians, and is the author of an historical novel, 'The Outcast' (Julian the Apostate). He has lately written a new and interesting romance, 'The Resurrection of the Gods' ('Voskresshie Bogi'), the chief hero of which is Leonardo da Vinci, the most enigmatical of Italian artists.

I should also mention an interesting book by the gifted author of some sketches of travel in Egypt, V. Diedlov, 'A Panorama of Siberia'; and I can but allude to the works of the *narodnik*, F. Nephedov, who in his time has played a fairly conspicuous part; and also to the stories of V. Veresaev and A. Krandievskaya.

I may draw the reader's especial attention to the new editions of our most important poets who have already become classics. The verses of Pushkin written at the Lyceum have been published by the St. Petersburg Academy, under the editorship of L. Maikov. Under the editorship of K. R. (the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovich) and V. Nikolski the works of A. Fet have been reprinted in three volumes. Besides, the writings of Th. Tiutchev have appeared in a second and considerably

enlarged edition, under the title 'Poems and Political Essays.' A volume of the poems of E. Baratinski has been reprinted at Kazan. Moreover, the works of I. Nikitin have reached an eighth edition, and those of A. Apukhtin in a fourth edition.

Two of the authors just mentioned, Tiutchev and Fet, are almost completely unknown in England, and in Russia have only of late years occupied a prominent place, although their poetical activity began in the first half of our century. Each of them is a pantheist as well as a bard, and many of their poems bring Tiutchev and Fet into close companionship with Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Tennyson. Tiutchev penetrated into the spirit of nature, and in such poems as 'Twilight' ('Sumerki'), 'The Dream on the Sea' ('Son na Morye'), 'Spring' ('Viesna'), and 'Malaria,' he created a series of unfamiliar pictures of a poetical and philosophical lyricism, full of delicate nuances, a lyric inspiration instinct with the beauty of half-hidden allusions. Those poems of Tiutchev are distinguished by delicacy in which he depicts in aerial outlines the varying conditions of the human soul, as, for example, his poem 'Silentium,' which is instinct with genius:—

Hide thee; be silent; drink thy fill
Of thought and feeling, and be still:
In thy soul's secret depths below
Let varying fancies come and go.
Like stars that in night's vault are shown,
Take thy delights unseen—alone.

Fet is like Tiutchev to a remarkable degree: he has the same philosophical basis of poetical personality; the same fondness for blending in a symbolical fashion various conditions in the life of nature with various conditions of the human soul; the same elevation of poetical imagining which points to a rich personality, such as neglects the external features of life and turns its chief attention to the complicated and splendid variety of spiritual states. Only Tiutchev is distinguished by a greater condensation of expression and Fet by greater tenderness. In Tiutchev there is stronger manliness, in Fet more of the enchanting softness of a woman. In the poetry of Tiutchev we hear the terrible voice of chaos, in the crystalline poetry of Fet words intermixed with kisses. In the interest of truth I must remark that Tiutchev and Fet, long before Verlaine and other contemporary French writers, established the delicate sympathy between the momentary dispositions of the soul and the changeable rhythms of lyrical poetry, and deserve in this respect to be placed in the first rank after the great virtuosos of impressionism who wrote in English, Shelley and Edgar Poe.

As a poet of a philosophical harmony E. Baratinski also enjoys a deserved reputation with all those who understand how rightly to estimate Russian singers. Pushkin, at an early date, awarded him a high position, seeing in him a true artist in words. His lines 'On Death,' his elegies, his poems generally, marked by the characteristics of Northern poetry, are distinguished by unusual strength. I. Nikitin is the exponent of the afflictions and needs of the common people. Like another eminent poet, Koltsov, the Russian Burns, he came from the common people, and his verse is full of bitter experiences, of that hard lot with which his

life was filled. Nikitin is not so strong as Koltsov, who possesses more genius, nor as the celebrated author of the poems from the life of the people, Nekrasov, but he is more tender and pathetic than either of them. A. Apukhtin is well known to the general public as the author of amatory verses which enable us to understand his outward life. He has written some strong pieces, but on the whole he does not soar high; he has too much vulgarity.

A certain change is perceptible in the ordinary life of contemporary Russian singers, owing to the circumstance that a poetical club has been established at St. Petersburg, founded by K. K. Sluchevski, the best of living Russian poets; and a company for the publication of books, called the Scorpion, has been started at Moscow, around which the younger bards have grouped themselves. The club of Sluchevski has, at his instigation, determined to publish every year a literary almanac, composed of the productions of the members of the club. During the past year a miscellany was issued entitled 'The Morning Star' ('Dennitsa'). Unfortunately, the contents are almost entirely weak. The only things deserving our attention are the poems of Th. Sologub and G. Yasiniski, also a tale by the latter, and certain pages in a tale in verse by M. Lokhvitskaya. Sluchevski himself did not add anything interesting to 'The Morning Star'; but, on the other hand, he published a beautiful poem, 'He and She,' in the journal the *Week* (*Nedelya*). Around the Scorpion, which aims at modernism in literature, are grouped the following young versifiers and translators, Valerii Briusov, Baltrushaitis, S. Poliakov, and others. They have devoted themselves to the composition of original and translated productions in connexion with symbolism and impressionism, which the Russian public finds interesting, notwithstanding the attacks of the journalists.

Some of the younger men have reprinted their works, others have appeared before the public with new ones. The able writer M. Lokhvitskaya, of whom I have already spoken in the *Athenæum*, has issued three volumes of poems. She possesses considerable lyrical power; her versification is musical and richly coloured; she has a good deal of happy audacity in sentiment, and is always sincere. It is a pity that she exercises no self-criticism, and together with excellent compositions prints a number of weak things. In her third volume, in which she has collected the productions of the last three years, the most noteworthy pieces are 'The Nereid,' 'The Immortelles' ('Tsvieti Bezsmertia'), 'The Humble Bee' ('Shmel'), and 'The Salamander.' Ivan Bunin is the poet of quiet sorrow and melancholy landscapes; he is also the author of elegies that are the echoes of his own feelings. Besides these, he has translated Longfellow excellently, and has published a book at Moscow in the present year entitled 'Stories and Poems.' Zhemchuzhnikov has published 'Songs of Old Age' ('Piesni Starosti'), which are worthy of attention. I must also mention the collection of poems of the ultra-decadent Alexander Dobroliubov; 'Fancies and Thoughts' ('Mechti i Dumy'), by Iv. Konevski; and a small collection of impressionist poetry, 'The Book of Doubts'

('Kniga Razdumii'), consisting of lyrical pieces by Valerii Briusov, V. Durnov, Iv. Konevski, and the writer of the present lines.

I will now mention some books in the domain of the history of literature and history generally. Under the editorship of S. Vengerov a complete collection has been undertaken of the works of V. G. Bielinski, the famous critic of the age of Pushkin and a little later. An artist and critic combined, he is the best (and in reality the only good) Russian critic, for his followers have not contrived to assimilate any of his merits. In St. Petersburg they have finished printing the works of K. D. Kavelin. In the fourth volume are included his essays on ethnography and jurisprudence. The second volume has appeared of the 'Russian Biographical Dictionary' (Aleksinski—Bestuzhev-Riumin). This important publication, indispensable as a work of reference, was undertaken some years ago by the Russian Historical Society. E. Golubinski has issued the second volume of his classical work 'History of the Russian Church' (the second Moscow period). This is the best existing work of reference on Russian Church history, and may be said to stand on a level with Western literature on the subject. The first volume (in two parts) appeared in the year 1880, and has long been a bibliographical rarity. The author was formerly professor in the Russian Ecclesiastical Academy, and thoroughly understands how to familiarize us with his very negative views. M. Smentsovski has written a monograph, 'The Brothers Likhudi.' The brothers Likhudi, who are celebrated in the history of Russian education, were Greek pedagogues of the end of the seventeenth century. The investigation of their activity in Russia in reality furnishes an investigation of almost all the history of ecclesiastical education and ecclesiastical life at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. N. Rozhkov has written a good work, founded on a great number of data derived for the most part from unpublished sources, 'Village Economy in Muscovy in the Sixteenth Century.' This is a technical investigation of rural economic industry, and an analysis of the influences under which economic production was developed in old Russia. The investigations of the prices of products, of the land taxes, and of the old Russian colonization are interesting. S. Platonov has published 'Sketches of the History of the Insurrections in the Empire of Muscovy in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.' It is the splendid production of one who is thoroughly acquainted with the times described—an attempt at a study of the social strata and their relations to each other in the "Time of Troubles," as the Russians call it. The writer has paid special attention to the social side and the economic causes which brought about the insurrection. His views on the *oprichina* are quite new. Prof. B. Kliuchevski, the talented *lector* of the University of Moscow, has published 'Aids to Lectures on Russian History.' In a condensed form, and in short summaries, the author notes the leading facts of Russian history, especially with reference to the connexion between the

various forms of imperial and economic development. N. Barsukov has issued the fourth part of his biography 'The Life and Labours of M. Pogodin.' The volume before us gives a minute record of the social and literary events which interested Moscow society at the end of the Crimean War. V. Ulianitski has published his highly valuable and minute treatise, founded upon unpublished materials in the archives, upon 'Russian Consulships in Foreign Countries in the Eighteenth Century' (two parts), the history of the establishment of the Consular Institute, and the explanation of its importance for culture and economics in the life of the Russian people. The well-known *savant*, Maxim Kovalevski, who has delivered lectures not only in Russia, but in various cities of Europe, has published the second instalment of his important work, 'The Economic Development of Europe till the Rise of Capitalism.' At Moscow a complete collection of the works of A. Khomiakov is being brought out. Three volumes have appeared. I must also mention the following books: A. Vasiliev, 'The Political Relations of Byzantium and the Arabs during the Time of the Amorion Dynasty' (from 820 to 867); I. Greys, 'Sketches of the History of Roman Land Tenure,' first vol.; V. Karenin, 'George Sand'; P. Boborikin, 'European Novels during two-thirds of the Nineteenth Century'; V. Spasovich, 'Works,' vol. ix.; Shestov, 'Good and Evil in the Teachings of Count Tolstoi and Nietzsche'; A. Volinski, 'The Struggle for Idealism'; 'Leonardo da Vinci,' by the same; V. Rozanov, 'The Twilight of Education' ('Sumerki Prosviestchenia'), 'Religion and Culture,' 'Literary Sketches,' &c.

Two fresh journals have created a stir, *Life* and *The World of Art*. The new journal has also attracted attention which has been published since the beginning of March of the present year under the editorship of Yasiniski, with the title of *Monthly Labours*. It is devoted to literary questions, and the fact that such a good artist in words as Yasiniski has the direction of it is its best recommendation.

Generally speaking, I think that the season just closed has shown more life than that which preceded it. The inevitable separation between "fathers" and "children" raises the temperature of journalistic life. Unfortunately the opponents of all that is new in literature, seeing almost a mortal sin in the creation of new forms of poetical production, appear to be intellectually flaccid, and greet the constant struggle of ideas with a heap of interjections. But youth must be young, and no amount of shrieks can prevent us from celebrating our poetical May.

CONSTANTINE BALMONT.

SPAIN.

No one, it may be assumed, will be surprised that after the disastrous issue of the struggle in Cuba and the Philippines the intellectual classes in Spain have felt the necessity of studying plans for national reorganization, and have been led to consider the causes of our decline and our inferiority to other nations and the means of bringing about a new renaissance. Clearly, while they

interest the nation more than any others, books that deal with these questions offer to foreigners valuable sources of information regarding the actual condition of our commonwealth, and the aspirations of those among us who form, or may form, the governing classes.

Leaving on one side the mass of short and superficial articles which have appeared in magazines and newspapers, I have no hesitation in placing in the first rank—on account of its intrinsic importance and its having been one of the earliest publications of this kind—the book, entitled 'El Problema Nacional,' of Señor Macias Picaeva, one of the most cultivated and sensible of our secondary-school masters. Señor Macias, who unfortunately died soon after writing his book, made a truly scientific study of the Spanish people and the problems before it, tracing the general outlines of its innate peculiarities and their history, and analyzing the influence of its physical condition, and especially the causes of its decline and also the remedies for them, the chief of which he considers to be popular education. A short time before, one of our ablest men, Señor Costa, had assumed the initiative in a national movement of opinion, rallying the productive classes for the formation and promotion of a complete programme of reforms, political and social. His efforts led to the formation of a "Liga Nacional de Productores," in which not a few intellectual elements take a part. The summary of these labours (from November, 1898, to January, 1900), mainly inspired by the thoughtful activity of Señor Costa, has just been issued in a volume styled 'Reconstitución y Europeización de España,' which embraces not merely a wide programme, but a frank and complete picture of the tendencies of our institutions and people. The reforms advocated by the League are supported in two historical essays on Isabella I. and J. Baptiste Colbert, which Señor Costa has inserted as appendices to this work. Immediately next to it I ought, I believe, to mention the book which Señor Morote, formerly of *El Liberal*, and one of the most cultivated and industrious of our journalists, has written, 'La Moral de la Derrota.' Señor Morote was an eyewitness of the battle of Melilla and a great part of the Cuban campaign, and examines, with special knowledge of details, the causes and the consequences of both events equally, and for the same reason, untoward. The chief interest of the work for the foreign public lies in the critical exposition of all the new elements of regeneration which have been becoming evident in Spain of late years. Along with these three works may be grouped others of an analogous character which deserve to be considered, some of them containing highly useful observations and suggestions. Among these are the address read at the Madrid Athenæum by D. José Echegaray in answer to the question 'Qué es lo que constituye la fuerza de las Naciones?' that on 'La España de Ayer y la de Hoy,' delivered in Paris by Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán; 'Hacia otra España,' by Señor Maeztu, a young author, a trifle paradoxical, but of considerable talent; 'Problemas del Día,' by Señor Silió; 'Hispania, fuit?' an anonymous brochure; 'Del Desastre Nacional y sus

consecuencias,' by Señor Isern; and 'Los Desastres y la Regeneración de España,' by Señor Rodríguez Martínez. For my part, I have contributed to the literature of the problem 'La Universidad y el Patriotismo,' a lecture delivered at the University of Oviedo, and two articles in *La España Moderna* on 'El Problema actual del Patriotismo' and 'Psicología del Pueblo Español.'

Intimately related to this group of publications, which have all somewhat of an educational character, for the question of public instruction is certainly the one that immediately confronts us, is the literature dealing with education, which has only three representatives: 'La Enseñanza superior en España,' a sincere confession of the defects (often exposed) of our universities, by Prof. Unamuno; 'La Supresión de los Exámenes,' by Prof. Ribera, who pleads for the suppression of those final tests which throw all our teaching into confusion; and 'La Enseñanza en el Siglo XX.,' in which a third professor, Señor Becerro de Bengoa, points out sundry defects in the arrangements of certain model establishments in Spain and elsewhere, and recommends the adoption of various reforms advocated, and indeed begun, in our country.

I turn now to the literature of erudition. There has been less of it than in former years, and some of it a regard for brevity compels me to omit noticing. Fortunately I can begin by mentioning a work of extraordinary interest, the 'Homenaje á Menéndez y Pelayo,' a collection of fifty-seven essays or monographs dealing with the literary, scientific, political, and social history of Spain, dedicated to the above-mentioned author on the completion of the twentieth year of his professorship. A collection so large and heterogeneous it is not possible to examine in detail on this occasion. A mere list of the contents would be exceedingly long. I can merely say that in these two volumes are to be found the names of nearly all—unfortunately not all—the distinguished scholars in Spain and of several foreign Hispanophiles, and to this I may add that Menéndez Pidal discusses the 'Romancero de Fernán González' in the competent fashion all recognize as his peculiar gift in these matters; D. E. Hinojosa, investigating 'El Derecho en el Poema del Cid,' draws an admirable picture of Castilian institutions in the twelfth century; Pérez Pastor adds new facts to the biography of Lope de Vega; Paz y Melia supplies a minute description of the Romance Bible of Rabbi Moses Arragel; Rubió y Lluch illustrates with unpublished details the Catalan domination in Greece in the fourteenth century; the Arabic scholars Ribera, Asín, and Pons study the historical and philosophical writings of Mohidin y Aben Hazam, and his influence on Spanish authors such as Raimond Lull; Ricardo Hinojosa examines 'La Jurisdicción Apostólica en España y el Proceso de Don Antonio de Covarrubias'; Rodríguez Villa writes on the life of the Admiral of Aragon, Francisco de Mendoza; and Serrano publishes two unknown 'Canciones,' the paternity of which he ascribes to Cervantes. Among the foreign contributors are Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, Carolina Michaelis, Hübner (who makes out a curious list of

the most ancient poets according to Latin inscriptions), Pio Rajna, and Farinelli. The volumes are ushered in by a preface by Valera, and conclude with a final chapter by the great novelist Pereda.

It is easy to comprehend that on comparison with such a collection many of the learned publications of the last twelve-month lose their importance, and consequently there is no need to allot them so much space as they would have required on another occasion. Still there are among them works of merit, and perhaps the chief of them is the book devoted by Señor Codera to the 'Decadencia y Desaparición de los Almorávides en España.' The author has accumulated a great deal of detail, most of it novel, and related with clearness the reigns of Yúsuf and Ali, and the revolts of the Spanish Mohammedans against the Almorávides, supplying the individual history of each one of the petty independent kingdoms which sprang into being. He also corrects not a few common judgments regarding the religious intolerance of the period and the social condition of the Mozárabes. Señor Fernandez Duro has issued the fifth volume of his monumental history of the 'Armada Española,' which embraces the period from 1650 to 1700. It includes wars with France and England, particularly in the West Indies, the rebellion of Messina, and other memorable events. To our diplomatic history, so complicated and curious in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, belong the voluminous monograph by Señor D. A. Danvila on 'Don Cristóbal de Moura, primer Marqués de Castel-Rodrigo (1538-1613)'; a memoir by Señor Arigita, already known by contributions to the same theme, of 'El Illmo. y Rev. Sr. D. F. de Navarra'; and the curious biography of Don Juan de Austria, written by Porreño, and published by the Society of Bibliophiles. The history of the Spanish associations of artisans is partially familiar from the classical works of Capmany on Catalonia and Tramoyeres on Valencia, but there was need of a complete work; besides, the facts known regarding other regions were very scanty. Señor Uña, a new and interesting writer, has commenced his literary career by filling up the gap with 'Las Asociaciones Obreras en España,' which, although not complete—he should have made use among other authorities of the facts regarding Catalonia published by Pella and Bové, and those of Lopez Ferreiro concerning Galicia—meets the need for a general sketch, and furnishes new notices, especially with regard to Castile. The discussion so often raised regarding the real value of Mussulman civilization is renewed—unnecessarily, I think—in a large work in Catalan by Señor Brunet, 'De la pretenguda y mal entesa Civilisació Árabe.' Señor Fernandez Bethencourt has placed on the market the second volume of his 'Historia Genealógica y Heráldica de la Monarquía Española,' dedicated to the "Grandees of Spain." I ought also especially to mention the speech of the Marqués de Ayerbe on entering the Academy of History, which turns on the 'Enlaces de Reyes de Portugal con Infantes de Aragón.'

Literary history is evidently more studied than political, for the contributions to it are more numerous and more considerable. The most notable are 'Don Ramon de la Cruz y

sus Obras,' highly important from the point of view of erudition, like all Señor Cotarelo's writings; 'Noticias referentes á los Anales del Teatro en Sevilla desde Lope de Rueda á fines del Siglo XVIII.,' by Sanchez Arjona; 'Biografía y Estudio de Jáuregui,' by Jordán de Urries; and a memoir of 'El Dean Martí,' celebrated in the bibliography of Valencia, by Ontalvilla. An essay on the romantic play of the Duke de Rivas, 'Don Alvaro, ó la Fuerza del Sino,' may also be mentioned; and also the studies of the veteran Marqués de Valmar, 'Estudios de Historia y de Crítica Literaria,' which relate to the Cancionero de Baena, the legend of Virginia, &c., and the ninth instalment of the 'Antología de Líricos Castellanos' of Señor Menéndez y Pelayo, a notable supplement to Wolf's classical collection of ballads.

Grammar is represented by a new edition of the dictionary of the Spanish Academy, a copious list by Father Mir of 'Frases Castellanas,' derived from the best writers, and a short study on 'Neologismos,' by Señor Cortazar. Literature and folk-lore are combined in 'Mil Trescientas Comparaciones Andaluzas,' compiled by Señor Rodríguez Marin.

Contributions to local history are numerous, and a complete catalogue of them would occupy a great deal of space. I must content myself with mentioning a few of them: the second volume of the 'Historia de la Iglesia de Santiago,' by López Ferreiro; the 'Anexión del Reino de Navarra en Tiempo de Fernando el Católico,' by Ruano; Miret's original 'Investigación Histórica sobre el Vizcondado de Castellbó,' which belonged to the Counts of Foix; the new notices on the 'Antigua Marina Catalana' of Bofarull; the 'Geografía Histórica del Condado de Besalú,' by Mont-Salvatge; and 'Lérida y la Guerra de la Independencia,' by Gras. Two books on the Asturias by Señores Aramburu y Canals deserve separate mention. The first deals principally with the history of the principality; the second with its actual condition, and is a notable trustworthy collection of information with respect to Asturian life in all its branches, economic, intellectual, artistic, &c. As a type of internal history or of its institutions—a branch of inquiry little cultivated, which, however, ought to be studied with a view to a good acquaintance with the spirit of the Spanish peoples—I can recommend the 'Noticia de las Cosas Memorables de Guipúzcoa,' by D. Pablo de Gorosábel. The two volumes which have just been published comprehend the description of the physical features of the country, its ethnography, manners and customs of the inhabitants, municipal rule, and part of the section corresponding to the *fueros* in general, and the financial régime.

Archæological studies find scanty exponents this year. Apart from some good monographs I can only mention as books showing labour 'La Catedral de Sigüenza,' by Perez Villamil, and 'Medallas Españolas, Militares, Navales, y Politico-Militares,' collected and explained by the numismatist Señor Herrera. To this group may be added the volumes which the centenary of Velazquez brought into being: 'Vida y Obras de Diego Velazquez,' by Picón, and 'Velazquez fuera del Museo del Prado,'

by Mesonero Romanos. Greatly superior to these is the book of Señor Beruete on 'Velazquez,' published in French at Paris. Señor Opisso has written on 'Arte y Artistas Catalanes.'

The printing of documents and reprinting of old books proceed apace. The editors of the 'Monumenta Societatis Jesu,' besides continuing the series already mentioned in former articles, have begun a series of 'Monumenta Xavierana.' Menéndez Pidal has published a new and corrected edition of the 'Poema del Cid.' In the "Colección de Documentos Inéditos" referring to the ancient colonies of Spain the twelfth volume is devoted to 'Vaticinios de la Pérdida de las Indias.' The 'Historia documentada de las Comunidades' has been enriched by two more volumes, the fifth and sixth. In the "Colección de Estudios Arabes" has appeared 'El Collar de Perlas,' a treatise on the politics and administration of Muza II, King of Tlemçen, translated by Mariano Gaspar. Two medical men, Señores Buyla y Sarandess, in conjunction with the erudite Señor Canella, have reprinted the curious 'Memorias de Historia Natural y Médica de Asturias,' by Dr. Gaspar Casal (1762), adding notes and an excellent memoir of the author. The *Revista Critica de Historia y Literatura* has just started a library of unpublished documents which it presents to its subscribers. One of these is a 'Colección de Documentos Inéditos relativos á la Guerra de la Independencia de España y Portugal,' which belonged to General Castaños, and another is the 'Llibre del Orden de Cavalleria,' a manuscript of the fifteenth century written by Micer Bernabé Assam.

The additions to bibliography are, as usual, numerous and important. More especially noteworthy are the 'Biblioteca de Escritores de la Provincia de Guadalupe,' by Catalina; the 'Reseña Histórica en forma de Diccionario de las Imprentas en Valencia,' by Serrano Morales; 'La Imprenta en Filipinas,' in which Señor Retana enlarges and corrects the recent book of the South American Medina; an 'Índice de Documentos de la Orden Militar de Calatrava,' by Señor Uhagon; and the copious and excellent 'Bibliografía Critica de las Obras de Miguel de Cervantes,' which is only just finished, although, as my readers are aware, the first volume appeared in 1895.

Fiction suffers from a marasmus which seems to interfere with the production of new books of importance. In the period which concerns me I can only point as notable to 'Morsamor,' by Valera, a work showing as much taste, learning, and at the same time humane and profound philosophy as any that the author of 'Pépita Jiménez' has written, consequently little suited to amuse the general public; and three new "Episodios Nacionales," by Pérez Galdós. The first of these, 'La Estafeta Romántica,' is distinguished for fine observation of character, the second, 'Vergara,' by its descriptions of the Carlist war. 'La Barraca,' a valuable sketch of Valencian customs, full of poetry and dramatic emotion, is written by Blasco Ibañez. 'Un Destripador de Antaño' is a new volume of stories by Emilia Pardo Bazán. 'La Familia Asparó,' is from the pen of the Catalan writer Dolores Moncerdá. 'Los Señores de Her-

mida' and other stories of Juan Ochoa, and 'Gondar y Forteza' of the Marquis de Figueroa, also merit mention. Some of the new writers show promise, but I need not detain the reader by specifying them.

In poetry there is, unfortunately, even less to speak of, although in that little there is some good work signed by new names or by men who are justifying their growing reputation, such as Medina with his 'Aires Murcianos,' Aquino with 'Sensaciones,' Marquina with 'Odas,' Masifern with 'Notas del Cor,' Doria with 'De Sol á Sol,' Gual with his 'Llibre d'Horas' (in Catalan like his previous volumes), Costa with 'Líricas.' Of Aguiló, whom I mentioned last year, there has been printed a valuable collection of 'Recorts de Jovenesa.' Popular poetry is represented by 'El Cancionero Panocho' (Murcian), by Díaz Cassou.

The theatre, if I leave out farces and adaptations from foreign sources, has produced only some pieces of comedy, among them of the Andalusian brothers Quintero. On the other hand, the Catalan stage has produced sundry important and successful pieces: 'Mosén Janot' and 'La Filla del Mar' of Guimerá; 'Cendras de Amor,' a sober and pretty dramatic sketch by Iglesias, and 'La Resclosa,' a tragedy of the same author's; 'El Jardi Abandonat' by Rusiñol, and 'Los Joves' by Pomés. Of our ancient drama I may mention vol. x. of 'Las Obras de Lope de Vega,' prefaced by Menéndez y Pelayo.

RAFAEL ALTAMIRA.

LITERATURE

BOOKS ON EUROPEAN POLITICS.

MM. GARNIER FRÈRES publish the fifth volume of M. Émile Ollivier's *L'Empire Libéral*, which begins with the session of 1860. The volume includes fine character-sketches of King William of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William I., and of Prince Napoleon, commonly known as Plon Plon—the son of King Jérôme and father of Prince Victor—which is supplemented by an appendix, in which M. Émile Ollivier undertakes to prove that Prince Napoleon had a horror of that atheism of which he was supposed to be a leading partisan. We do not think the defence altogether successful, and the explanation of the famous Good Friday dinner party is by no means convincing. It is a curious fact that when M. Ollivier began to write this book his was a voice crying in the wilderness, while now he represents the dominant feeling in the French wealthy and educated classes. Never in any country was there more rapid change, not in the constituencies nor in the mass, but among the leading people, than has occurred in France in the last six months. All those who in December last were for the Duke of Orleans are now for Prince Victor Bonaparte, who has become "the fashion." On the other hand, the extreme Nationalists, who breathe fire and fury against England, although they do not intend war, have been swamped by the great numbers of ordinary politicians who have declared themselves Nationalists without meaning much by their declaration. From the Nationalists on the one side, and from the Royalists on the other, Bonapartism has gathered remarkable strength in Paris and in society. The constituencies are at present unaffected, and will probably remain so, but M. Ollivier has now the enthusiastic support of those who used to ridicule his views. The early part of the book deals, but somewhat lightly, with the Cobden Treaty. There follows

a fierce attack by M. Ollivier upon that Mexican adventure which ultimately proved to be the destruction of the Second Empire—almost the only considerable act of the reign which our author has allowed himself to denounce violently. The Emperor undoubtedly intended to carry out his Mexican policy by recognizing and by aiding the Southern Confederacy to break up the United States. The task was, however, beyond his strength. His ministers refused to follow him in it, and, while failure would have been certain in any case, the air of foolish vacillation which now surrounds his policy in history would have been avoided had the Emperor had his way.

The appendix with regard to the atheism of Plon Plon, a most able though utterly unscrupulous prince, is not the only appendix that is of interest. There is one on the personal relations between M. Ollivier and Wagner which will be found worth reading by all who are keen about music. An appendix which is of less value is one which states M. Ollivier's views upon the income tax, already explained at some length by references to his parliamentary speeches in the text. There is no subject upon which Frenchmen more habitually misrepresent the state of things in England than this. They always say, as M. Ollivier here declares, that the income tax is a temporary tax, whereas we all know that there is nothing in this world which more thoroughly deserves classification as eternal. Like the poor, it is always with us, and always will be. Our author also thinks, with other Frenchmen, that the income tax may be excused here, as such a tax could not be excused in France, by the fact that with us there is no real land tax. He and they, however, neglect the overwhelming pressure on landed property in England of local rates, most of which are expended upon matters which in France are dealt with out of public taxes, and he and they also neglect our immense succession duties, which now press almost as heavily on land as on other classes of property. Another point in which we differ from our author concerns a hint which he seems to give as to what he thinks were Bismarck's views on Russia. He tells a story—true, no doubt—of Bismarck engraving on a seal when he left Russia the motto "Nitchewo," which M. Ollivier translates as "Nothing," because in Bismarck's opinion this word is all that is to be remembered about Russia. Bismarck cannot have intended his Russian "No matter; never mind," to be seriously interpreted in this way. No one has ever set the position of Russia more high than Bismarck set it, and his breach with the present German Emperor was caused by a difference of opinion upon this point, in which the Emperor had reason, before Bismarck died, to recognize that his ex-Chancellor had been right.

We have received two books on the last named. The first is *Conversations with Prince Bismarck*, edited in English by Mr. Sidney Whitman, and published by Harper & Brothers, in which the five German volumes dealt with are cut down into one. The arrangement of the conversations is by no means good. There is an attempt to classify them under subjects, but it rather breaks down, and some of the conversations are too miscellaneous in their nature to be the subject of classification. Chronological order would, we think, have been preferable. The volume contains one most interesting conversation—of course already well known—that with Harden late in 1897. Bismarck there expresses himself fully on the naval policy of Germany, and states that the decisive battles which Germany will have to fight for her colonial possessions will be fought on land in the continent of Europe. There is a mistake of a name in this conversation—that of the principal editor of the *Figaro* being misspelt. It would be better perhaps, for the ordinary reader, to make it more clear, by foot-notes or otherwise,

who are the persons intended by such phrases as "the Emperor," "the Empress," "the Prince," "well-known feminine influences," and so forth. At p. 184, for example, the statement that "the Empress took a great part in the wearing away of my nerves" refers to the Empress Augusta, but may be meaningless to the general reader.

The second volume is of a nature which is best explained by its full title, *Le Prince de Bismarck, Psychologie de l'Homme Fort*, and is from the pen of M. Charles Benoist, and published in the Librairie Didier by MM. Perrin & Cie. It is a fine study, but, being French, is one-sided as regards policy, though fair to the man as regards his private life. The author seems to have studied the character more fully than he has informed himself upon the historic facts. When, for instance, he treats as a main episode bearing on character the origins of the war of 1870, he finds the whole story to lie in the fact that Germany was ready, France not ready; Germany anxious to discover a pretext and to put France in the wrong. All that he says is true, but it is only half the truth, so told as to be entirely deceptive. The whole world knows now, but this French writer seems hardly to know, that the Emperor Louis Napoleon prepared for the war by a military alliance with Austria, and that Prince Bismarck knew this, and anticipated the date at which it had been arranged by the allies that the war should break out.

The Macmillan Co. publish *An Outline of Political Growth in the Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. Edmund Hamilton Sears, a volume which may be useful for school and for examination purposes, but will not teach much to those who are already well informed.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE Bishop of Natal is responsible for *My Diocese during the War* (Bell & Sons), which consists of extracts from his diary. They are what some people would call "all wrong," representing his opinions from day to day on supposed facts which turned out afterwards to be errors; but they are interesting as giving a faithful picture of the changes of mind through which residents in Natal passed in the early stages of the war. The Bishop began by not thinking the grievances of the Outlanders "so very pressing," and he was against the policy which led up to the war because "the deplorable blunder of the Jameson raid" had "tied our hands." He went to see Sir Alfred Milner, and was converted:—

"My recent visit to Cape Town, and my immense confidence in Sir Alfred Milner, from long acquaintance, have satisfied me that the case for.....interference is now overwhelmingly strong."

The Bishop, like all the rest of us, thought at first that the early battles were British victories, and found afterwards that they were in fact defeats, though he continued for some time to believe that the Boers had only "killed nearly as many as we have." He ultimately became aware that "the battle of Lombard's Kop.....was very much like a disaster." His opinions from day to day on these points are of considerable interest, for he was from time to time the guest of all the generals concerned in the operations, and, living with them, was treated confidentially, and informed of all the news they had. A humorous episode which relieves the gloom with which we peruse the book is that of the Bishop heliographing to Ladysmith to tell a gentleman who was blockaded there that the sea was very badly off in a building operation for want of the sum of 1,000*l.*, which this gentleman, with others, had made himself responsible for obtaining. Naturally, in the circumstances of the case, the Bishop got no reply, although his other communications to private friends were answered. In the last part of his book, where he records his mature impressions,

after he knew of the facts, he states (and this was after he had been virtually serving on Sir Redvers Buller's staff) that the "garrison at Ladysmith might have ventured a little more in the way of co-operation during those battles." It is by no means certain, however, that, in the condition of Ladysmith from starvation and disease, it would have been possible to get more out of the men than was obtained by the officers in command. The Bishop, in his "Conclusion," attacks the

"want of proportion and dignity in the way in which the Empire in general, and London in particular, stood on its head, so to speak, with frenzied exultation that the army of Boer farmers had not been able to overwhelm our garrisons."

COL. McCLEURE, who has had more experience of Presidential Conventions than any other man, has written *Our Presidents, and How we Make Them*, with portraits of all the Presidents of the United States, which is published by Harper & Brothers. The author was the right-hand man of that most amiable and distinguished politician Governor Curtin, whose last public service to his country, after his representation of the United States at the Court of St. Petersburg, was in Congress, where he attacked the corruption that had crept in under guise of military pensions. The information given in this volume will be of use to British journalists who have to write on presidential elections, either from the point of view of political philosophy or from that of personal anecdote. It thoroughly traces the rise of the whole system, from the first election in 1789 to the present time. It is interesting to note that, in spite of the enormous prestige of Washington as the father of his country, three states—South Carolina, Maryland, and Georgia—cast as many presidential votes against as for him. These geographical differences in the United States, although for a time affected by the Civil War, have once more arisen, and Mr. Bryan polled his whole force in the West and South, President McKinley in the East.

WE can heartily commend a little volume called *Where and How to Dine in Paris*, by Mr. Rowland Strong, published by Mr. Grant Richards. The contents go beyond the first title, inasmuch as the book contains some chapters on the theatre, unduly pessimistic, and silent as to the merits of some of the most brilliant of living dramatists, who have given up novel-writing to turn their attention exclusively to comedy for the Paris stage. The greater part of the book, which deals with cooking and restaurants, is the best thing of the kind that has been written. We could find here and there a few faults, but the subject is one upon which no two authorities would exactly agree. The writer, who is very modern, thinks that in the present day the best burgundies and clarets are in Brussels. As to burgundy there can be no dispute. Brussels has been the possessor of the best burgundies for many years, and is still; but we should have thought that for claret Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris were still superior. Although the author mentions the Restaurant Marguery in three places, he hardly sets that remarkable dining resort of the rich shopkeepers and manufacturers of Paris as high in his scale as we should put it. The crowd is, of course, enormous. There is no restaurant in Paris which for months or years together feeds anything like so large a number of persons. But in spite of the crowd, the high standard of cooking is maintained, and the ordering is less spoilt by the intrusion of the foreign element than it is in restaurants where the foreigners bear a large proportion to the other diners and are less completely swamped by numbers. We imagine that at p. 100 Soufflet is a misprint for Soufflot.

WE have received from Messrs. Macmillan a reprint of *Come up as a Flower*, which they have added to their "Sixpenny Series."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH.

History and Biography.

Baillie (Major F. D.), *Mafeking*, cr. 8vo. 6/
Dictionary of National Biography: Vol. 63, Wordsworth—Zuylenstein, roy. 8vo. 15/ net.
Pixley (F. W.), *A History of the Baronetage*, 10/8 net.

Geography and Travel.

De Forest (K.), *Paris of To-day*, cr. 8vo. 3/8
Twombly (A. S.), *Hawaii and its People*, cr. 8vo. 5/

Science.

Adams (J. C.), *Scientific Papers*, Vol. 2, 4to. 25/
Cowen (R. J.), *Electricity in Gymnæology*, cr. 8vo. 3/8 net.
Societ (W. M.), *Electricity*, 8vo. 7/8
Euclid, Books V. and VI., arranged by M. J. M. Hill, 8/ net.
Gruner (A.), *Power-Loom Weaving and Yarn Numbering*, translated by C. Slater, cr. 8vo. 7/8 net.
Holmes (G. C. V.), *Ancient and Modern Ships: Part 1, Wooden Sailing-Ships*, cr. 8vo. 4/
Hurst (G. H.), *Colour*, 8vo. 7/8 net.
McGinnis (M. A.), *The Universal Solution for Numerical and Literal Equations*, cr. 8vo. 5/
Mitchell (C. A.), *Flesh Foods*, cr. 8vo. 10/8
Skinner (W. R.), *The Mining Manual for 1900*, 8vo. 21/
Standage (H. C.), *The Leather-Worker's Manual*, 7/6 net.
Walker (G. T.), *Aberration and some other Problems connected with the Electro-Magnetic Field*, 8vo. 5/ net.

Philology.

New English Dictionary, edited by Dr. Murray: Gradeley—Greement (Vol. 4), Inferable—Inpushing (Vol. 5), folio, sewed, each 2/6

General Literature.

Allen (J. L.), *The Increasing Purpose*, cr. 8vo. 6/
Cavaller Soldier's *Vade Mecum*, ed. by E. Almack, 4/6 net.
Collings (T. C.), *Cricket*, cr. 8vo. 2/6
Glasgow (E.), *The Voice of the People*, cr. 8vo. 6/
Kashner (L. E.) and Atkins (H. G.), *A Short History of French Literature*, cr. 8vo. 4/6
Nash (J. B.), *The Ladyship Treasury*, cr. 8vo. 6/
Newland (S.), *Blood Tracts of the Bush*, cr. 8vo. 6/
Oppenheim (R. P.), *A Millionaire of Yesterday*, cr. 8vo. 6/
St. John (C.), *The Crimson Weed*, cr. 8vo. 6/
Shiel (M. P.), *The Man-Stealers*, cr. 8vo. 6/
Walker (W. S.), *Native Born*, cr. 8vo. 6/
Whybrow (A. N.), *The Day-by-Day Cookery Book*, 8vo. 3/8
Winter (John Strange), *The Married Miss Blinks*, cr. 8vo. 3/8

FOREIGN.

Law.

Mayr (R. v.), *Die Condictio des römischen Privatrechtes*, 9m. 60.

Fine Art and Archaeology.

Aegyptische Urkunden: Arabische Urkunden, Vol. 1, Part 2 3m. 40.

Poetry.

Clifford (N.), *Quelques Portraits-Sonnets de Femmes*, 4fr.

History and Biography.

Haller (J.), *Concilium Basilense: Vol. 3, Die Protokolle des Concils 1434 u. 1435*, 25m. 60.
Hartmann (L. M.), *Geschichte Italiens im Mittelalter*, Vol. 2, Part 1, 9m. 3/
Lebey (A.), *Basal sur Laurent de Médicis*, 3fr. 50.
Olivier (E.), *L'Empire Libéral*, Vol. 5, 3fr. 50.
Patihès (G.), *Du Nouveau sur J. Joubert*, 3fr. 50.
Willrich (H.), *Judaea, Forschungen zur hellenistisch-jüd. Geschichte u. Literatur*, 5m. 60.

Science.

Holland (A.), *La Théorie des Ions et l'Électrolyse*, 5fr.

General Literature.

Adhémar (Vicomtesse d'), *La Femme Catholique et la Démocratie Française*, 3fr. 50.
Aigremont (P. d'), *Maman Lauletta*, 3fr.
Clemenceau (G.), *Au Fil des Jours*, 3fr. 50.
Cousot (F.), *Hors des Routes*, 3fr. 50.
Dupouy (E.), *Cœur d'Esclaves*, 3fr. 50.
Goyau (G.), *Lendemain d'Unité*, 3fr. 50.
Héry (G.), *L'Ultime Souffrance*, 3fr. 50.
La Tour (L. de), *Dorvault (M.) et Lecomte (M.)*, Les Colonies Françaises, Vol. 5, 7fr. 50.
Le Duc (C. L.), *La Demi-République*, 3fr. 50.
Marni (J.), *A Table*, 3fr. 50.
Mirbeau (O.), *Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre*, 3fr. 50.
O'Mouray (R.), *Les Amies des nos Amis*, 3fr. 50.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Oriental Club, Hanover Square.
IN Forster's 'Biography' of Landor (first ed., i. 377) it is stated that Landor, at the beginning of 1814, was "hoping to sustain the feeling against France by a series of letters in the *Courier* with the signature of Calvus." The facts are as follows. In 1813 Landor sent several letters, so signed, to the *Courier*. They were not printed in that paper, but were published by Landor himself. The *Courier* of December 17th, 1813, contains the following advertisement:—

"Letters addressed to Lord Liverpool and the Parliament, on the Preliminaries of Peace, by Calvus. 8vo. price 4s. Printed for and sold by H. Colburn, 50, Conduit Street; and Wilson, Royal Exchange."

In the *Courier* of January 12th, 1814, there is a review of the pamphlet, beginning: "These able letters were originally sent to the *Courier*

for insertion, and were only delayed by the pressure of parliamentary and foreign intelligence." I found a copy of the pamphlet, with Landor's MS. corrections, in his writing-desk; but, as there are slight mutilations, I should be glad to hear of another. It is not in the British Museum. Two more letters, signed Calvus, appeared in the *Courier* of January 19th and April 21st, 1814. It was in reference to the last that Southey wrote on April 26th:—

"You have seen Calvus's last letter in the *Courier*. Landor is the writer. I entirely agree with him that this is the time for undoing the mischief which was done by the peace of Utrecht.....There is certainly no possible pretence for expecting that we should restore any of our conquests."

STEPHEN WHEELER.

SALE.

MESSES. HODGSON included in their sale last week the following: S. Hieronymi Epistolæ, 1470, 16l. 15s. Le Rommant de la Rose, 1509, 12l. 5s. Whitaker's Richmondshire, 2 vols., 8l. 5s. Britton's Architectural and Cathedral Antiquities, 11 vols., 10l. 7s. 6d. Yorkshire Archaeological Journal, 1870-1900, 6l. Sander's Reichenbachia, 4 vols., 15l. Ruskin's Modern Painters, &c., 9 vols., 12l. 7s. 6d. Lacroix, Œuvres, large paper, 6 vols., 7l. 8s. Creighton's Queen Elizabeth, 8l. 5s. Skelton's Mary Stuart, 8l. 2s. 6d. Nohac, La Reine Marie Antoinette, 8l. La Belle Assemblée, 20 vols., 6l. 2s. 6d. Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, 1855, 6l. 7s. 6d. Lever's Novels, 37 vols., 7l. 15s. Watson and Kaye's People of India, 6 vols., 7l. 10s. Chetham Society's Publications, 153 vols., 16l. 10s. Spenser Society's Reprints, 62 vols., 10l. 5s. Microscopical Journal, 1853-1900, 10l. 15s. Naval Architects' Transactions, 41 vols., 14l. 15s.

WINGFIELD'S 'TRUE DISCOURSE' OF THE PORTUGAL VOYAGE.

July 2, 1900.

THE late Dr. Grosart issued, in vol. xvi. of his 'Occasional Issues of Unique or Very Rare Books,' the 'True Discourse' of the Portugal voyage of 1589, printed by Hakluyt in vol. ii. part ii. of the 'Voyages,' 1599, and said by him to be "written (as is thought) by Col. Antonio Winkfield." For some unknown reason Dr. Grosart appears to have considered that a certain Robert Prickett was the writer, although he does not definitely make the statement, and, indeed, only implies it by coupling it with a poem of Prickett's, neither the poem nor the editor giving any evidence whatever in support of the belief. Major Martin Hume has so far accepted Dr. Grosart's suggestion as to refer, in his 'Year after the Armada,' to the 'True Discourse' as by "Wingfield (or Prickett)." The Museum authorities fearlessly go the full distance and catalogue it, without qualification, as by Prickett.

It has escaped notice that there is a letter among the Elizabethan Domestic State Papers (ccxix. 16) from Wingfield to Thomas Wylkes, Clerk of the Council, which settles the authorship conclusively:—

SIR,—I shall be very busy all this morning. I beseech you therefore when your leisure shall serve that you would finish the little remaining with you, wherein I think you shall not much need my presence. If but if [sic] you will command the same I will attend you at what hour it shall please you to command me; I have sent you likewise the epistle which must be set before the same, beseeching your censure likewise upon the same; and so do leave you to God this 8 December, 1589. Your most assured to do you service,

ANT. WINGFIELD.

Endorsed: "To peruse the preface to his book of the service of Portugal."

Wingfield has been regarded as the private apologist, from conviction, of Norreys and Drake; but there is a possibility that he was the official defender, and that his account should be considered the Government version. Norreys and Drake were both in disgrace in

December, but the Government may have desired to put forward the best defence, irrespective of what was really thought.

M. OPPENHEIM.

Literary Gossip.

MR. SWINBURNE's new volume of poems, which is now going to press, is of a very varied character. Some of the poems have appeared before, but others are quite new.

DR. WILLIAM BARRY is turning his attention to history, and he is now engaged on a book describing the rise and fall of the Papacy as a world-power in the period from the reign of Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. This period, comprising about seven hundred years, unfolds, he thinks, one single, though immense action of which the Papacy is the hero, and shows how it creates Western Christendom, sets up the Holy Roman Empire, and subdues to itself all the elements of nascent civilization. But as the peoples develop, it enters into conflict with them, and is shattered at length during the Great Schism. Every act in this long tragedy has its beginning and its end. First we see the stage of growth, then the stage of external and internal hindrances; after that the stage of conflict and triumph; and finally the stage of dissolution. The volume will, it is hoped, possess a human interest from the marked personalities of the Popes; and their administrations and influences on Christianity, law, learning, and other diverse subjects, will be described. Dr. Barry will deal only with facts, not with speculations. He will view the course of events, but will leave their final purpose to the philosopher. Hence he endeavours to be neither Papist nor Protestant in dealing with phenomena, which he describes and interprets only in their relation to one another. The book will not be in the nature of a mere text-book, but rather a readable volume which tells the history without glossing over incidents. The title is not definitely fixed, but the one at present chosen, 'The Papal Monarchy, from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII,' indicates the scope of the work. Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish it.

SIR JAMES BALFOUR PAUL, Lyon King of Arms, has succeeded Sir Arthur Vicars as President of the Ex-Libris Society, of which the annual meeting was held in London last week. The Society itself is in a fairly flourishing condition, in spite of the fact that there has been during the past year a slight decrease in the roll of members. At the dinner in connexion with the annual meeting the collectors had a pleasant bit of surprise in the announcement that they can now claim an antiquity as great even as book-collecting. Attention was called to the mark of possession, equivalent to the modern book-plate, which was placed by Ashur-bani-pal on the tablets in the Royal Library of Nineveh. The inscription runs as follows:—

"The palace of Ashur-bani-pal, King of Hosts, King of Assyria, who putteth his trust in the gods Ashur and Belit, on whom Nabû and Tashmetû have bestowed ears which hear and eyes which see. I have inscribed upon tablets the noble products of the work of the scribe, which none of the kings who have gone before me had learnt, together with the

wisdom of Nabû in so far as it existeth [in writing]. I have arranged them in my palace, that I, even I, the ruler who knoweth the light of Ashur the King of the Gods, may read them. Whosoever shall carry off this tablet, or shall inscribe his name upon it side by side with mine own, may Ashur and Belit overthrow him in wrath and anger, and may they destroy his name and posterity in the land."

For the information of book-plate collectors, it may be pointed out that this translation is published in the 'Guide to the Babylonian and Assyrian Antiquities' in the British Museum (p. 35).

THE abortive prosecution of 'The Heptameron' at the Central Criminal Court is the latest illustration of the incapacity of the police detective for literary censorship, and it is to be hoped that this last lesson may prove a warning to those who instigated the prosecution. 'The Heptameron' is not a book for promiscuous reading, and the mistake which Mrs. Thompson, the defendant in the case in question, made was in issuing it at a very low price. The edition, it is true, is wretchedly printed on vile paper, and if the prosecution had confined itself to these two counts it would have been successful. But the indictment of a classic of this kind and at this day is too absurd to be taken seriously. Perhaps the prosecution was under the impression that "Margaret of Navarre" is the defendant's *nom de guerre*. The most astonishing thing in the whole affair is that the jury—and a London jury too!—should have found the defendant not guilty. We are certainly progressing.

THE Library of Trinity College, Dublin, will be closed on Monday next, and remain so for a fortnight.

MR. BAKER has held the head-mastership of Merchant Taylors' School, which he has now resigned, since the beginning of 1871. Coming close upon the vacancies at Repton and Sedburgh, Mr. Baker's contemplated retirement emphasizes the fact that the Conference of Head Masters has witnessed an unusual number of changes during the past few years.

PRINCIPAL BEBB, of Lampeter, appeals to the liberality of the friends of that college for a special endowment fund of 20,000l., which he holds to be necessary for its proper maintenance and development.

IN view of the fact that one of the first duties of the new Consultative Committee of the Board of Education, under the Act of last year, will be to frame regulations for the creation of a general register of teachers, the masters of private and independent schools are complaining that the eighteen members of that committee, whose names have now been published, do not include a single representative of their class. They consider the omission the more remarkable because the report of the Secondary Commission expressly recommended that the private schools should have a spokesman on the registration council.

MESSES. HURST & BLACKETT are bringing out immediately a sixpenny edition of 'Aylwin,' with some introductory remarks upon Sinf Lovell and other leading characters of the story. The novel will also most probably contain a portrait of the author, either a reproduction of Rossetti's

well-known crayon or another taken about the same period.

THE book mutilator is again abroad. Last week some thief stole the coloured plate of 'The Descent of Madame Saguie' and pp. 493-4 from Thornton's 'Don Juan,' whilst it was on view at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's rooms. The copy was an exceedingly fine one; imprisonment without the option of a fine ought to be the penalty of the thief when he is discovered, as it is sincerely to be hoped he will be.

We are glad to hear that Mr. John Lane, the well-known publisher, is recovering from his severe illness. Favourable reports are also given of Mr. Richard Whiteing, "vir nulla non donandus lauru."

THE Council of the Hakluyt Society has resolved to mark the tercentenary of Richard Hakluyt's completing the publication of his 'Principall Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation,' by preparing a new edition of that "prose epic of the modern English nation," as it was termed by Mr. Froude, devoting to this purpose at least one volume a year in the Society's new series. Sir Clements Markham and Mr. C. Raymond Beazley, the author of 'The Dawn of Modern Geography,' have undertaken to annotate the first volume, which is expected to be ready by the autumn of next year.

THE forthcoming number of the *English Historical Review* will contain articles by Mr. Arthur Tilley on 'Humanism under Francis I.'; by Mr. R. S. Rait on 'The Scottish Parliament before the Union of the Crowns'; by Miss E. A. McArthur on 'The Regulation of Wages in the Sixteenth Century'; and by Mr. Basil Williams on 'The Foreign Policy of England under Walpole.'

A NEW historical novel, bearing the title 'A Cardinal and his Conscience,' by a new writer, Miss Jessie Hope, is to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. in the autumn.

THE Parliamentary Papers likely to be of the most general interest to our readers this week are new Statutes made by the Governing Bodies of St. John's and Worcester Colleges, Oxford (*3d.* each); Digest of Endowed Charities in the County of Worcester (*8d.*); Welsh Intermediate Education Act, 1889, Report of the Charity Commissioners (*1d.*); Draft of an Order in Council constituting a Consultative Committee of the Board of Education (*1d.*); and Report of the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland for the Year 1899 (*7d.*).

SCIENCE

The Aborigines of Tasmania. By H. Ling Roth, assisted by Marion E. Butler and J. B. Walker. With a Chapter on the Osteology by J. G. Garson, M.D., and a Preface by E. B. Tylor. Second Edition. (Halifax, King & Sons.)

IN the favourable notice which it was our pleasant duty to give of the first edition of this excellent work in the year 1890 we said, "It is not likely that any material addition will hereafter be made to our sources of information about the Tasmanian people." The author has, nevertheless, in

the meanwhile continued his diligent search for new evidence, and we agree with Prof. Tylor in the supplementary note he has added to the preface that that search has been by no means barren of result. The new material has not altogether falsified our forecast, but it has tended to confirm the conclusions arrived at in the first edition, and has in some instances converted what seemed merely the better opinion upon a doubtful point into a reasonable degree of certainty.

In particular, the theory that the recently extinct Tasmanian race is representative of the paleolithic type of culture, which in other parts of the world became extinct in the remotest antiquity, may be taken as established. Prof. Tylor has shown, in papers read before the Anthropological Institute in 1893 and 1894, that the stone implements fabricated by the Tasmanians, of which he has made a large collection, are of paleolithic form, that the Tasmanians were ignorant of the art of fixing an implement into a handle, and that the ground stones in the collection of the late Dr. Barnard Davis were made either by Australians or by Tasmanians who had learnt the craft from Australians. There is no flint, properly so called, in Tasmania.

Mr. Ling Roth is able also to write with greater confidence than formerly about the origin of the Tasmanians. From comparisons between Tasmanians and Negritos, he finds close relationship as regards the osteology, the hair, and the language, and he concludes that this negritic stock once peopled the whole of the Australian continent and Tasmania; that the Tasmanians represented the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia, who had been partly driven out by, and partly admixed with, the neolithic invaders now known as Australians. This, again, is a subject on which Dr. Tylor's recent researches have thrown considerable light. In a paper read before the British Association at the Bristol meeting in 1898 he adduced evidence that the early Stone Age condition characterizing Tasmania extended within no distant period over the Australian continent, especially Western Australia, where unground stone implements quite similar to those used by the Tasmanian aborigines are still employed.

Dr. Garson has found no reason to modify the conclusions at which he arrived in his chapter on osteology in the first edition of the work, but has obtained confirmation of them by means of fresh evidence. In 1898 Messrs. Harper and Clark communicated to the Royal Society of Tasmania their measurements of the Tasmanian crania in the museum at Hobart, and these—with Dr. Farmer's measurements of the crania in the Pitt-Rivers collection at Oxford and Mr. Duckworth's of those in the Cambridge University collection, made in 1893—are added to the present edition, so that the chapter on osteology may be said to be exhaustive of the subject.

Mr. James Backhouse Walker, the son of a late distinguished explorer, has given Mr. Roth much assistance in the preparation of this edition, and has contributed many new facts from his father's collections and his own knowledge. A succinct account of the history of the relations between the aborigines and the Europeans,

read to the Royal Society of Tasmania by Mr. G. W. Walker in 1897, is added to the introductory chapter. A hitherto unpublished vocabulary from his MS. journals, with two popular songs and a list of names of men and women, is printed at length in the appendix. Mr. Ling Roth also appends to the volume a copy of the able paper in which he proved Truganina to have been the last living aboriginal, and showed that Mrs. Fanny Cochrane Smith, for whom that distinction had been claimed, while possessing some Tasmanian characteristics, must be a person of mixed blood.

To the artistic drawings which Miss Roth (now Mrs. Kingdon Ellis) contributed to the first edition other illustrations have been added, and we have, therefore, only to say that the book is even more instructive and more worthy of commendation than when we had it under notice before. It is a thorough and trustworthy monograph on a human race now actually extinct, and is work that will not require to be done over again.

SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—*June 21.*—Viscount Dillon, President, in the chair.—The following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That the Society of Antiquaries of London, which takes a keen interest in all matters connected with the archaeology of these islands, views with marked dissatisfaction the proposal to remove from the British Museum certain gold ornaments lately acquired from Ireland. The Society is of opinion that the cause of archaeology will be best served by the retention of these interesting objects in the central museum of the Empire, where they are accessible to a greater number of students than would be the case elsewhere; while, as remains of the art of the ancient Britons, and having only an accidental connexion with Ireland, these relics could be placed nowhere more appropriately than in the British Museum."—Capt. Hutton exhibited a rapier foil and a dagger foil of about the year 1600, both of them weapons of very rare occurrence, the dagger foil being at present the only known example.—The Baron de Cosson communicated a note on some ancient sword-blades bearing spurious inscriptions, which were evidently manufactured as fictitious relics of past heroes or deceased persons of quality.—An adjournment was then made to the Library, where an exhibition of fence of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries was given by Capt. Hutton, Mr. Guy Laking, Capt. Stenson Cooke, and Messrs. F. H. Whitlow, Harvey, and Percy Rolt.—The fence exhibited consisted of (1) dagger and cloak, (2) sword and buckler, (3) case of rapiers, or the fight of the two swords, (4) rapier and dagger, (5) the "gryps and clozes" of George Silver (1599), (6) rapier and cloak, and (7) the two-hand sword.

LINNEAN.—*June 21.*—Dr. A. Günther, V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. R. J. Tabor, H. F. Tagg, and E. S. Salmon were admitted Fellows.—The Chairman announced with deep regret the sudden death at Florence on June 11th of Mr. W. P. Sladen, a former Vice-President of the Society, and Zoological Secretary from 1885 to 1895.—Mr. B. Daydon Jackson bore testimony to Mr. Sladen's devotion to the interests of the Society.—Prof. M. Hartog exhibited and made remarks on flowers of new Abutilon seedlings, and pointed out the extreme variability shown in the form of the leaves.—Dr. O. Stapf exhibited fruits of various forms of *Trapa*, from Europe, China, and India, and discussed the differentiation of the genus into species. He was inclined to recognize five species which inhabit fairly well-defined geographical areas. Unpublished drawings of Indian and Chinese species in the collections at Kew rendered it probable that certain differences in the fruits would be found to be correlated with differences in the structure of the flowers.—Some remarks were made by Mr. C. B. Clarke, Dr. Rendle, Mr. C. Reid, and Sir George King.—Mr. Clement Reid exhibited a series of plum-stones recently found in a drain of the Roman baths, and in a rubbish pit, at Silchester. The species identified were cherry (*Prunus avium*), damson (*P. domestica*), bullace (*P. insititia*), sloe (*P. spinosa*), and Portuguese laurel (*P. lauro-cerasus*). Besides these, there was a large variety of plum and a very small sloe, the species of which had not as yet been precisely determined.—On behalf of Dr. O. St. Brody,

Mr. Daydon Jackson exhibited a small series of British orchids dried by a new process, by which the flexibility of the plant and the natural colours were in a great measure retained.—Mr. R. Morton Middleton exhibited several rush baskets, plaited ropes, and dredgers made from *Rostkoria grandiflora*, Hook. f.; and a crab-catcher and limpet-detacher made from *Berberis ilioifolia* (Forster) all used by the Yabgans south of Beagle Channel, Tierra del Fuego.—A discussion followed, in which the zoological and botanical aspects of the exhibits were commented on by Dr. Günther, Mr. J. E. Harting, and Dr. Rendle.—Mr. F. Enock exhibited and made remarks upon some living specimens of *Ranatra linearis*, Linn., together with their curious eggs. These measure 3.5 mm. in length and barely 1 mm. in breadth. At the larger end of each egg are two diverging filaments 4.5 mm. in length and 5 mm. apart at their extremities; the eggs are laid either in the floating leaves of aquatic plants such as *Ranunculus*, *Alisma*, or *Potamogeton*, or in the half-decayed stems of *Alisma*. One floating plant with only two leaf-stalks contained in one of them 107, in the other 97 eggs of *Ranatra*, which had no doubt been deposited by several females. From these eggs Mr. Enock stated he had frequently reared the strange hymenopterous parasite *Prestichia aquatica* (Lubbock).—A paper by Miss Georgina Sweet was read, 'On the Structure of the Spermiducal Glands and Associated Parts in Australian Earthworms.' The paper treated of the characteristic genera, including forms from Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania. Apart from variations in the ducts concerned, both in individual and relative position, and the presence or otherwise of penial setæ and accessory glands, the main result of the investigation established a close relationship between external form and internal structure, and showed that while tubular glands always contain a central lumen, lobate forms have a markedly lobular structure. That the latter had been derived from the former was shown by the complete series of forms connecting the most simple tubular with the most complex lobular types, the one being derived from the other by increase in branching of the gland-duct, associated with an absence of a cell-lining to the finest terminations of the branches. A very peculiar structure of the accessory glands was described in *Diploptrema fragilis*, and the structure of the spermiducal gland of *Acanthodrilus sydneyensis* was shown to be unique.—Dr. C. Chilton read a paper on the subterranean Amphipoda of the British Islands, reviewing the known species of the genus *Gammarus*, and giving some account of the "well-shrimp" and its distribution in England so far as he had been able to determine it from specimens collected.—A discussion followed, in which Dr. Günther, the Rev. T. K. Stebbing, and Mr. A. O. Walker took part.—Dr. A. B. Rendle, referring to his recently published 'Revision of the Genus *Najas*' (*Trans. Linn. Soc.*, Second Series, Bot., vol. v. part xii.), read a supplementary paper on the same subject, in which he gave additional information gained from a recent examination of specimens in eleven continental herbaria, particularly those at Paris, Geneva, Vienna, and Berlin. Some new forms were described (notably a new species from Senegal), and some fresh notes were added on the geographical distribution of several imperfectly known species. Since the publication of the paper referred to the author has had the advantage of examining a number of specimens which had been collected in South-Eastern Russia and the Malay Archipelago, and were forwarded from the museum at St. Petersburg.

PHILOLOGICAL.—June 22.—Prof. W. P. Ker in the chair.—Mr. G. Neilson read a paper on 'John Barbour, Poet and Translator.' His main object was to prove that Barbour was the author of the 'Book of Alexander,' known only in the unique print by Arbuthnot, about 1580, although the date in the verse-tag, or colophon, at the end of the book gives its date as 1438. This date, Mr. Neilson contended, was a misreading and wrong extension of MCCCLxxxviii, or "MCCCLxxx and acht," that is, 1378, the true date of the poem. He proved Barbour's authorship by citing or referring to about twenty-five printed pages of parallel passages from Barbour's 'Brus' and the 'Alexander,' and occasionally to the 'Troy Book' and 'Legends of the Saints,' which he also attributed to Barbour. The Cambridge MS. of the 'Troy Book' fragments expressly says, "Her endis Barbour, and begynnys the monk," Lydgate, and "Her endis the monk, and begynnys Barbour," while the 'Legends' contain too many parallels to the 'Brus' to be by any one else than its author. The objection to the unity of authorship comes from the critics who allow the difference of rhymes to overpower the identity of phrases. The 'Troy Book' and 'Legends' rhyme the guttural *e*, as in *he*, *high*, with the pure *e*, as in *be*. This the 'Brus' never does, except in one instance, where the *ines* are not

in either MS. of the poem, and which Prof. Skeat now considers not genuine. But Mr. Neilson contended that an original work like the 'Brus' could not lay down the law for translated works like the 'Alexander,' which is from two French romances—its 'Forray' from the 'Roman d'Alexandre,' and its 'Avowes and Battell' from the 'Vœux du Paon.' Even Chaucer acknowledges the difficulty of fitting his rhymes to Graunson's French, and it is doubtful if any poets are so strict as he is.—The general opinion in the full meeting was expressed by Mr. H. Bradley, that Mr. Neilson had proved Barbour to be the author of the 'Alexander,' though more evidence was required for his authorship of the 'Legends' and 'Troy-Book,' which Prof. Skeat and the German critics will not admit. They hold the difference of rhyme-law an insuperable objection, and they say the translator of the 'Alexander' was a disciple only of Barbour's, soaked in his phraseology. As to the date in the colophon, several members were clear that this tag was added by some copier, the author having ended with the customary request to his readers to mend his faults. That finished his work.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—July 2.—Sir J. Crichton-Browne, Treasurer and V. P., in the chair.—Mr. G. Livesey was elected a member.

Science Gossip.

THE late Mr. H. Virtue-Tebbs's curiously interesting natural history collections produced a total of over 320*l*. The prices realized were, of course, nothing like what the late owner in most cases paid, but that was inevitable. The exceedingly fine collection of 600 picked specimens of olives, representing upwards of 100 species, produced 7*l*. 10*s*.; a remarkably fine specimen of the fossil jaw of the mastodon, with two teeth, sold for 3*l*.; a fine specimen of the jaw of the African elephant, with two teeth, sold for 7*l*. Among the British Lepidoptera a fine and perfect male dispar sold for 1*l*. 15*s*., whilst an equally fine specimen of the female dispar realized five guineas.

THE *American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac* for 1903 has been received. It is edited, as former volumes from 1900, by Prof. Harkness, who states that the principal changes introduced since the previous year are that the adopted apparent semi-diameter of the sun at mean distance has been increased, in accordance with a recent investigation by himself, from 16' 0" 78 to 16' 1" 50; and in computing the ephemeris of Neptune, Prof. Newcomb's new tables of that planet have been employed instead of the old ones, which were published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1865. In all other respects the arrangement and data are nearly the same as in 1902. There will be an annular and a total eclipse of the sun in 1903, neither of which will be visible in the United States or in Europe (the latter, on September 20th, will be almost confined to the southern part of the Indian Ocean), and two partial eclipses of the moon.

BARON AND PROF. VON RICHTHOFEN has been nominated Director of the new Museum für Meereskunde, recently founded by the University of Berlin.

THE decease has to be recorded of Prof. C. Tommasi-Crudeli, the distinguished histologist. He was a pupil of Claude Bernard, and for the last thirty years had been Professor of Pathological Histology at Rome.

FINE ARTS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Seventh and Concluding Notice.)

THE water-colour drawings this year are at least equal to the average of other years, but our remarks upon them must necessarily be brief. The landscapes are especially satisfactory. Nobody will fail to notice Mr. A. Goodwin's homogeneous and finely drawn *Windy Autumn Day, Old Boston* (No. 1095), which is painted in unusually low keys of tone and colour, or

Mr. S. Stannard's study of a windy *March Morning* (1097), a fortunate and skilful performance in many ways, although his modelling is woolly and coloration pale rather than delicate.—Sir E. J. Poynter has employed his rare skill as a draughtsman with zeal and zest in painting *Isola San Giuliano* (1139), set like a jewel in the deep blue lake. As a study of sunlight in a rather low key it is, despite the slight chalkiness and opacity which mar it, one of the finest drawings here. If it were but a little more limpid it would be stereoscopic, so solidly modelled and finely finished is it.—The *Tranquil Light of Rosy Morn* (1104) is a brilliant study of a chalk coast flushed with a ruddy glow. The colour is rich, and its keeping excellent, but the boat lacks solidity, and seems to be due to an afterthought on the part of Mr. J. McDougal.—Mr. S. Palmer is quite himself in the homely idyl, *A Surrey Common* (1107), yet it is somewhat conventional and mannered.—Miss M. S. Hagarty's *Farm at West Yalding* (1108) is fresh, sincere, and good, so far as it goes.—Mr. W. H. J. Boot found an inviting subject in *The Canal at St. Valéry-sur-Somme* (1112), and he has produced a drawing which is strong, broad, and artistic in colour and light and shade.—Mr. F. Althaus's *Beer Head, Sunset* (1121), is a worthy companion to his 'Mevagissey Lugger leaving Harbour' (343), which we have admired already.—An *East Coast Fishing Village* (1123), by Mr. H. Coutts, a little harbour left bare by the tide, is true to nature, a sympathetic piece of colouring, and well drawn.—*Henley, Sussex* (1155), by Mr. A. R. Quinton, is rather flat and woolly, but the colour is good and the drawing careful.—The sea-pieces of Mr. C. N. Hemy never lack energy, the wave-drawing is excellent, and the artist secures a true sense of the motion of his boats and the waves they rush through with so much spirit. Accordingly, we are bound to like his *The Old Castle, St. Mances* (1161). The figures of rowers in the boat are praiseworthy. *The Little Fishing-Boats* (1182), by the same painter, delineates successfully, though in a mannered way, the swift movement of a small craft rushing into a harbour; the sea, too, is good, though, as has frequently been the case of late with the painter, its tones are much too dark, and consequently, for the sake of harmony, the whole picture is as unnaturally dark as an old master.

It was in a happy moment that Mr. C. S. Mottram sat down to paint *Hayle Bar* (1192). It is luminous and effective; the painter's touch is light, and there is a wealth of tender tones.—*The Last Gleam* (1191), by Mr. J. J. Willson, is a clever "blot," but not calculated to raise great hopes of the artist's future.—Mr. R. Hoskin's *Ploughing on the Borders of Dartmoor* (1202) is brilliant and broad, but rather flat, yet the brooding rain-clouds give character and expression to an original study of nature which possesses considerable artistic value. It is a striking example of homogeneity and careful grading. In harmony with this is *A Stormy Day, Loch Laggan* (1204), by Mr. E. E. Briggs, which is solid and marked by almost stereoscopic force and breadth.—*A Surrey Landscape* (1210) shows Mr. G. Marks's progress in dealing with light and pearly colour.—The blackness we commented on in his other sea-pieces is carried to excess in Mr. C. N. Hemy's large panorama *Oporto* (1218), as seen from the sea, and it is so "cut up" as to lose much of its picturesque value with the absence of simplicity. Here again, however, the swift rush of the boat in front is finely rendered.—Mr. B. D. Sigmund's *The Way to the Farm* (1225) is bright, solid, and clear, possessed, too, of the true rusticity which the subject demands.—In *Sunshine and Shadow* (1271), by Mr. C. J. Adams, the sheep couched in the shadows of huge trees are well-drawn parts of a solid and brilliant whole.—No. 1312, *The Vale of the Severn*, by Mr. E. A. Chadwick

is full of faithful colour.—*A Water Highway* (1316), a picturesque canal in Venice, leads us to expect a good deal from Mr. C. E. Flower, for it displays force and massiveness of colour and light and shade.—For No. 1348 Mr. A. H. H. Murray found a good, but not quite original subject, *The Wake of the ss. Valetta*, and he produced a searching study of blue water cleft by the great ship.

The Breakfast Time (1140) of Mr. C. E. Wilson, a girl feeding a blackbird, displays excellent execution, and is notable for its softness, strength, and homogeneity.—Well drawn, but flat, is the *Tigers* (1103) of Mr. H. Dixon. This artist seems to want experience, or at least practice in painting in the solid from nature under bright light.—*On the Road to Ladysmith* (1143), by Mr. P. Dixon, despite its poor sky, is praiseworthy on account of its colour and breadth.—As a picture of the old and grimy houses of a steep and narrow street, *The Christmas Steps, Bristol* (1153), of Mr. G. M. Henton is much to his credit, being at once faithful and artistic.—Mr. E. Roberts's bust of *The Countess of Warwick* (1145) is flat, inert in its expression, but marked by a sense of style which seems to owe not a little to the mezzotints of the more mannered of Sir Joshua's portraits of ladies.—*A Look into the Future* (1169), a lady nursing her child, by Mr. J. W. Forster, is one of the few good figure pictures in the Water-Colour Room. It is elaborate, but somewhat hard, the expression of the mother is good and pathetic, the accessories are sound and solidly painted.—Mr. C. A. Smith never did anything so good or so modest as *When Little Ones grow Weary* (1172), a cottage interior in sunlight. The faces and expressions are excellent, and so is the figure of a girl. Still the drawing is rather woolly.—*Where Rural Fays and Fairies Dwell* (1180) comprises some ably and delicately designed figures of fairies dancing by the side of a pool. It is Mr. W. J. Morgan's best work.—*Abraham and Isaac* (1198) proves that Mr. G. Murray can make an original and picturesque design. The idea being but slightly expressed deserves more thorough and serious studies, and ought to be carried out in a more accomplished style.—*The Gentle Art of Mr. I. Fripp*, a group of anglers (1188), is good, so far as it goes.—Pretty figures of children are to be found in Mr. W. P. Cornish's *The Morning of Life* (1207); and there are some neatly drawn and crisply painted figures in Mr. A. D. Bastin's *From the Front* (1255).—Miss M. Dockerill's excellent *Portrait of a Lady* (1278) may be particularly praised for its expression.—In Mr. H. Ryland's *The First Easter Morn* (1331) the draperies are good and were carefully studied, but the whole is weak, and the faces are sentimental enough for the late Mr. Barraud, who invented the sentimental charity-school girl and pathetic pauper boy.

On screens will be found some good and brilliant works in enamels, including the luminous and pure *Mermaid* (1360), by Mr. J. Eyre. The tints are a trifle too gay, and there is a little lack of solidity.—*Beauty's Altar* (1361) sins even more in these respects, and outdoes the lustre of enamel painting, possesses little homogeneity, and, as translucent enamels often are, is almost "tinty and trinkety." It is by Mr. H. von Herkomer. Of the leading miniatures we have already spoken. Of the drawings, etchings, and engravings in the Black-and-White Room we may single out *Faith* (1528), after Leighton, by Mr. J. D. Miller; *The Pride of North Devon* (1529), by Mr. F. Burridge; Miss C. Smith's *St. William's College, York* (1531); *The Hundred River* (1540), by Mr. F. Newbolt; *Dover Cliffs* (1547), by Miss M. Harris; "*Against the wind*" (1548), by Mr. H. Dicksee; *The Favourites of the Hunt* (1551), by Mr. R. W. Macbeth; *Tyrolean Cottages* (1557), by Mr. E. M. Synge, and *Hay-barn* (1559), by the same; *The Trial Proof* (1563), by Miss C. M. Pott; *The Honeymoon* (1568),

after Mr. W. D. Sadler, which is not his best work, by Mr. J. Dobie; *The Lonely Life* (1576), after Mr. H. G. Riviere, by Mr. C. O. Murray; *Wounded Men at Wynberg* (1587), by Mr. A. Garratt; *Illustration from 'King Lear'* (1594), by Mr. C. Cuneo; *Col. Sir E. R. C. Bradford* (1598), by Mr. H. T. Wells, a drawing; "*1844*" (1623), by Miss F. Kingsford; *Miss A. Ward* (1652), by Miss L. F. Wright; *Maria leaving the Banquet* (1664), by Mr. H. J. Ford; "*Who rides by with the royal air?*" (1665), by Mr. P. Connard; *The Rose Maiden* (1668), after Mr. S. M. Fisher, by Mr. J. C. Webb; *The Question* (1669), after Mr. M. Stone, by Mr. N. Hirst; *Wedded* (1672), after Leighton, by Mr. G. H. Every; and *Fancy Free* (1675), after Mr. A. S. Wortley, by Mr. N. Hirst.

In the Architectural Room are a considerable proportion of copies or adaptations, more or less successful, of old types of design; the majority of them are merely mechanical adjustments, or at best they attain to a certain degree of quaintness. They indicate a revolt against conventions, and even against culture, so that mere clumsiness is too often regarded as a charm, and fine proportions are seldom aimed at. A few of the inferior examples are not even adapted to the purposes they are intended for; fitness to function, though it is the basis of beauty, is by no means the indispensable element of modern architecture. Fashion and whim, which govern the tastes, or no tastes, of their clients, are consulted by architects to such an extent, that the architecture still predominant is a clumsy version of Low Dutch brick building, with occasional excursions into half-timbered architecture, or into the Adam style. Architects devise steep roofs, a multiplicity of uncouth pediments, and contorted chimneys out of all proportion to the structure they encumber, or inept copies of the orders, which are at their best when they copy without disguise. We may, however, commend generally Mr. T. Davison's *Art Galleries* (1695) and Mr. M. S. Hack's *Front for Restaurant* (1701).—Mr. R. Blomfield, who is one of the few contributors of note, has sent a well-composed *Design for House in New York* (1708).—*The Hall Screen for Edgeworth Manor* (1681), by Messrs. E. George & Yeates, possesses the merits of individual character and appropriateness of style.—No. 1719 is Mr. A. N. Prentice's apt and handsome design for *Entrance Gates and Lodge*.—No. 53, *Maddox Street* (1747), by Messrs. Harrison & Ward, is injured by the meaningless corbel steps in the gable and the more meaningless pediment above.—As a fancy exercise in the mediæval style the *Design for a Chapter House* (1754), by Mr. P. E. Newton, possesses some vigour and grace, but the canopies over the niches in the walls are out of proportion.—Highly expressive and dignified is Mr. H. C. Corlette's *Church at Exeter* (1765); and the *Church and Vicarage, Barnsley* (1769), by Mr. A. Mitchell, may be praised for stability, simplicity, and dignity, while his *Roxeth Schools* (1763), a clever illustration of Flemish Gothic, is appropriate.—Mr. E. O. Clark's *Designs for Furniture* (1762) are good on the whole.—Mr. A. H. Belcher's *Billiard Room* (1771), Mr. T. E. Colclutt's *Lloyd's Register* (1766), and Messrs. J. T. Wimperis & Arber's *Business Premises* (1767) are all worthy of the architects' reputations, but not particularly distinguished.—We like, on account of its suitability, the *Printing Premises* (1782), though they are rather bare and flat, of Messrs. Bateman & Bateman, and Mr. T. G. Lucas's *Sand Hill Close* (1783) is extremely architectural and well proportioned.—*Frithwood House* (1790), by Mr. M. E. Macartney, commends itself to our sympathies by being simple, massive, and not heavy; and Mr. W. C. Green's *Bristol Tramways, Brington Depot* (1794), has a look of serviceableness and fitness as stables. See No. 1828, by the same artist, *A Power Station*.—Mr. E. J. May's *Homeside* (1809) is homely and by no means in-

elegant.—Mr. J. Belcher never did better—which is saying a good deal—than *New Building for the Eastern Telegraph Company* (1818), a portion of the façade.—The same may be said, but in the higher sense of the words, of Mr. W. D. Caröe's *Church of St. George* (1820), a sober and well-composed edifice, well adapted to the local types of Dorset, where it is to go.—*The Bungalow* (1830) of Mr. W. H. A. Berry is an excellent specimen of what such a structure ought to be, but seldom is.—Messrs. Russell, Mallows & Grocock's notion of what the ratepayers of Plumstead want for their *Municipal Buildings* (1846) credits them with a desire for Venetian splendour and size, and a passion for paying rates. The "authorities" who require such magnificence deserve to be checked, unless, indeed, they aspire to imperial functions and soar above the parochial details. However, such as it is, this work is successful.—There is much freshness about Mr. J. M. Brydon's *New Government Offices* (1881), though they are somewhat monotonous and heavy.

The sculptures show that the surprising advance which our artists have of late achieved continues, for the general level is higher, yet the works which rise above it are by no means numerous. Two great examples stand out from the rest so as to distinguish the year and fix themselves in the visitor's memory. The first of these, the noble *Tomb of Lord Leighton* (2053), raises Mr. T. Brock, somewhat to our surprise, to the highest rank in his profession. He has achieved this triumph not so much by means of the originality of his beautiful design as by the fine sympathy and pure taste which have enabled him to appropriate, or rather to select, the fittest of all sculpturesque types, that of Florence in the sixteenth century, for the tomb of the illustrious President, whose heart, like his art, was Florentine. Every element of this monument, including the admirable statue on the sarcophagus—the sarcophagus itself, like the statues, is reminiscent of Michael Angelo, and therein not in keeping with the rest of the work—is highly artistic and appropriate. The skilful treatment of its outlines, the elegance of its proportions and details, and the singular finish which distinguishes every part of them, are admirable qualities, and Leighton himself, fastidious as he was, could not have desired a finer monument. If he had found a fault, it would, we think, have been with the somewhat conventional attitude of the weeper seated at the foot of the sarcophagus, the right arm of which is very weak. The likeness of the face, as well as of the figure, is simply perfect.—The other masterpiece of the year is Mr. E. Onslow Ford's statue of *The late Maharajah of Mysore* (2057), seated on a camel, which forms a striking feature in the Quadrangle. Never has an Eastern potentate been represented in a more spirited way. Thanks to Mr. Ford's unusual insight and skill, a very pronounced and effective character, which must be called Oriental, but is not unsculpturesque, pervades the design and appeals powerfully to our taste and sense of fitness. There is nothing wanting in the treatment of the ornate costume. The group is naturally ornate, but without being at all pictorial, still less merely florid, it is extremely picturesque.

The remaining sculptures can receive but short notice, rather because our space is limited than on account of any lack of skill in the artists. The first we meet with in the Central Hall is Mr. C. Brown's *Royal Hunter* (1917), a finely designed group in bronze.—Mr. T. E. Colclutt (1918), a bust, does justice to the architect; it is by Mr. R. E. Jenkins, who, like Mr. P. R. Montford in his *E. B. Johnson, Esq.* (1919), proves himself possessed of a good eye for character, and a skilful hand in modelling from the life.—"*Now I'm a fairy*" (1923), the work of Miss M. Pownall, is most spirited and fresh.—Though it is strong and somewhat monumental, there is more swagger than we like about Mr.

F. W. Pomeroy's *Robert Blake, Admiral* (1929), and its execution is not particularly choice.—*"At the gates of the past"* (1931), by Miss E. M. Moore, is a bas-relief of merit in bronze which we have seen here before in another condition.—*The Crown of Love* (1935), by Mr. W. R. Colton, though we do not quite understand the design, is characterized by sound modelling of the nude, a good style, and an excellent composition.—No. 1939 is Mr. E. O. Ford's unimpeachable likeness of the *Late Prof. Huxley*. The same must be said of the entirely veracious and choicely modelled *G. Agnew, Esq.* (1976).—Mr. L. G. Williams's statuette of *A Little Peasant* (1940) is animated and skilful; and *A Panel* (1943), by Miss R. Levick, deserves notice, for the cherubs' heads are extremely clever.—The *Elf-Babes* (1945) of Mr. P. R. Montford are charming, while Miss M. Swainson's *Part of a Design for a Fountain* (1946), Arion on the dolphin's back, is equally attractive; it is decidedly spirited.—Miss F. Parkinson has a specimen of what a lady can make of a model by no means well chosen in the statuette *St. Agnes's Eve* (1951). The realism here is prosaic, and, being inappropriate, is wrong.—Signor A. C. Lucchesi contributes the bronze head of *A Sentinel* (1958), a skilful specimen of quasi-Florentine sculpture. His *The Myrtle's Altar* (1964) is elegantly composed and skilfully modelled from a lively sitter.—Mr. A. Gilbert has done justice to himself in the portrait of *Thoby* (1967), son of Mr. Val Prinsep.—Mr. G. J. Frampton's *Lamia* (1970), a bust in ivory and bronze, will hardly do for Keats's fair witch, yet it is full of a mystical charm and extremely beautiful. The harsh contrast of the ivory and the bronze (which had better have been of a light golden hue) is unfavourable, but the fineness of the expression, snake-like and suggestive, and the exquisite surface of the flesh are merits of a high kind.

Among the most agreeable expressions of a fresh and graceful fancy, aided by highly accomplished and delicate art, Mr. G. Simonds's *Anemone, the Wind Flower* (1974), is pre-eminently distinguished. The feet are too large.—Mr. Brock's bust of *J. P. Pick, Esq.* (1973), is his best achievement in this direction, and *Miss Rubie* (1977), by Mr. G. E. Wade, is good in style and execution, and possesses the additional merit of being lifelike.—Miss H. M. Rigby's head of *Simplicity* (1982) is pretty and pleasing.—Mr. W. Goscombe John has been extremely fortunate in securing a likeness of the fine head of the *Late Duke of Devonshire* (2015), a study for a statue. The duke looks like the student he was. Another work of Mr. John's is the impressive and simple *Effigy of the late Dean Vaughan* (2055), the execution of which, like that of the bust, is almost if not quite impeccable.—Mr. A. Drury's bronze bust called *The Prophetess of Fate* (2018) is most skilfully and searchingly wrought, and should not be overlooked by those who care for really fine sculpture.—Mr. H. C. Fehr's rather demonstrative bust of the *Late W. Morris* (2028) is a good likeness of the poet when in one of his blustering moods, and Morris could bluster when he chose; it is also well modelled.—Fine, choicely modelled, and lifelike is Mr. E. Onslow Ford's bust of his son *W. O. Ford, Esq.* (2029); the same artist's bust of the *Duke of Norfolk* (2025) is, in its unpretending way, a masterpiece of execution and insight.—The *Baptismal Font* of Mr. A. Gilbert (2051) would, we think, be better without the figure and its too elaborate cover. Like some other productions of the accomplished artist, this is rather a piece of silversmith's work than a piece of sculpture proper; the adroitness of its numerous and delicate decorative elements detracts from the dignity and even from the elegance of the whole, beautiful as that is.—Spirited and pure is Mr. H. Montford's statue of *Psyche and the Casket of Venus* (2052), a tender design; it is in bronze, but we are sure it would look much better in marble.

BLACKFRIARS CHURCH.

2, Herbert Crescent, S.W.

EXCAVATIONS now going on just inside the old City wall have brought to light the foundations and other details of the historic church of the Dominicans, Friars Preachers, or Black Friars. The edifice, with the whole of the monastic precinct, was secularized and made over to private hands by Edward VI. The church, having been partly pulled down and partly worked into new buildings, had long been lost to sight. Messrs. Wheatley and Cunningham in their account of it ('London,' 'Blackfriars') do not define its site. We now find that it lay, where we might expect it to lie, between Friars' Lane and Church Entry, the former to the east and the latter to the west, the building running alongside and to the north of the passage known as Ireland Yard. The Loseley MS. cited by Messrs. Wheatley and Cunningham gives the church a length of 220 ft. from east to west, with a breadth of 66 ft. from the churchyard on the north to the cloisters on the south. Of the churchyard a small relic may yet be seen, covered with tombstones, at the north-west corner of the church as now revealed. The cloisters on the south side of Ireland Yard are still evidently defined by the area of Cloister Court. From the outer face of the north wall of the excavated church to the cloisters across Ireland Yard might be some 66 ft., or nearly so. But the total distance from Friars' Lane to Church Entry does not exceed some 115 ft., so that the Loseley MS. greatly exaggerates the size of the church, in that respect at any rate. It further describes the church as consisting of two aisles with a chancel and a chapel. The excavations show the foundations of the east wall abutting on Friars' Lane, and apparently standing square with the north and south walls, without any apse-ending or projecting chancel. A considerable part of the north wall remains, with one lancet window, built up, but intact, and the outline of another window of the same make and dimensions. The statement in the MS. above that the church had two aisles might leave it open to doubt whether the church had a nave and two aisles, or only a nave divided into two aisles. The latter is now proved to have been the case. The church was divided longitudinally by a row of elegant Purbeck shafts supporting the stone vaulting of the roof. One shaft still stands *in situ*, the bases of three others having been discovered. Two of the vaulting groins were also found *in situ*—one a wall groin, the other a cross groin resting on the extant shaft, and, of course, springing at the other end from a corbel on the wall. The shaft, with capital and base, stands about 8 ft. high; the width of the bay from the inner wall face to the centre of the standing shaft measures 13 ft. 4 in., thus giving the church a total inside breadth of 26 ft. 8 in. The excavations do not extend to the west end of the church, so that its length cannot be given. With eight bays of 13 ft. 4 in. it would extend to 106 ft. 8 in., and that would about bring the outer wall to Church Entry. The height of the vaulting I cannot give, as the groins had been removed before I saw the place, but it could hardly exceed 9 ft. or 10 ft. above the line of the springing.

As to the arrangement of the chancel the excavations give no light, nor could I make out anything about the chapel. It must have been of very moderate dimensions, and, I take it, on the south side. On the north side there is no break in the continuity of the wall, while on the south side there are massive foundations that seem to leave the outer line of the wall uncertain. Two handsome corbels have been preserved. They are fashioned as triple shafts standing on bosses. From the style of these, the vaulting, and the marble pillars, it is clear that the church must have been a beautiful edifice, as it was always reported to be. The numerous

skeletons found attest the popularity of the church as a place of burial. The soil under the foundation seemed in the nature of garden mould, so that we may suppose the Friars to have been given an open piece of ground within the walls, and not without the walls, as was most commonly the case with their establishments.

The Friars' church must be distinguished from the neighbouring church of St. Anne, that survived it to perish in the Great Fire. Its site, with that of the Friars' Chapter House to the west of the cloisters, are now occupied by the offices of the *Times* newspaper. J. H. RAMSAY.

H. T. BUCKLE'S PORTRAIT.

133, New Bond Street, July 3, 1900.

FOR a work containing 600 portraits of the greatest men and women of the nineteenth century, which our Berlin house has in hand, we are anxious to get a portrait of Henry Thomas Buckle, the author of the 'History of Civilization.' Before making this appeal to you, we might mention that we have searched every source which seemed to us to be at all likely to give us what we want, but up to the present moment the only portraits we have been able to find are the two tiny ones in Mr. Huth's 'Biography'; one of these is a reproduction from a large oil painting in the possession of a relative of the late Mr. Buckle, but as this picture represents him at the early age of eighteen it is of little use to us.

Possibly among your readers there is some one who could assist us in finding a really good portrait, in a size measuring about 6 in. by 9 in., of Buckle, which could be entrusted to us for the purpose of reproducing it. Even a bust would be of use to us if we could not get a painting or photograph.

THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

FINE-ART SOCIETY.

THE Twelfth Congress of Archaeological Societies will be held at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House on Wednesday. Sir John Evans will preside. The following subjects will be discussed: 'The Union of Benefices Bill as affecting Buildings,' by Mr. P. Norman and Mr. E. H. Freshfield; 'The British Museum Bill,' by Mr. Willis-Bund; 'The Law of Treasure Trove,' by Sir John Evans; 'Lord Belper's Bill as to Custody of Diocesan Records,' by Mr. W. Page; and 'The Systematic Study of Place-Names,' by Mr. Horace Round.

THE Index of Archaeological Papers published in 1898 has been issued by Messrs. Constable, and they have ready that of the papers of 1899. The general index, 1682-1891, is passing through the press, and will be issued in the autumn. The Congress is now in a financial position to undertake more work, and the Committee recommend that the various papers connected with the catalogue of portraits should in future be supplied free, the price for the schedules remaining as at present.

THE little exhibition of Egyptian antiquities at University College, Gower Street, is quite worth a visit. Nearly all the exhibits this year come from Abydos, and are the result of the work of the Egyptian Research Account and the Egypt Exploration Fund. Mr. John Garstang, for the former, shows several steles and other objects from tombs of the twelfth dynasty, among which may be noticed some vases and dishes in blue marble, decorated with carving, and some tresses of flaxen hair. Among the exhibits of the Exploration Fund are, of course, Prof. Petrie's gleanings from M. Amélineau's excavations, including many relics of Manetho's First Dynasty, with which Prof. Petrie seems in a fair way to identify four of the Abydos tombs. There is only one inscription bearing the name of Aha, whom some consider to be Menes, the founder of the Egyptian

monarchy, but this is a beautiful little piece of crystal, engraved with considerable skill. There are also from the same tombs some curious pots, said to be Ægean. The exhibition will not close till the 28th of this month.

SIR W. ARMSTRONG, of the National Gallery, Dublin, who is interested in the proposed exhibition of the works of the late Sir F. W. Burton, will be glad to hear from any owners of those pictures who may be willing to lend them for the purpose in question.

THE exhibition of students' work at the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts opens on Monday and closes on Saturday next.

MISS S. BEALE writes:—

"Architectural finds, such as the fragments of columns of the Dominican Priory at Blackfriars, are in Paris placed in public gardens. Thus outside the Hôtel Cluny and the Trocadéro Palace many such relics of the past may be seen. Would it be possible to place those found about London upon the Embankment?"

THE obituary of the 29th ult. includes the death, in his sixty-eighth year, at Hove, of Mr. Constantine Alexander Ionides, who was well known in artistic circles on account of his fine taste and accomplishments. He possessed a valuable collection of works of art and antiquity, among them pictures and drawings by early Italian masters, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Mr. Legros.

ALL our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Watts, who has been ill, is better, and, according to the advice of Sir H. Thompson, has gone into the country.

THE Fine-Art Society has appointed to-day (Saturday) for a private view of cabinet pictures illustrating 'Byways of Cornwall,' by Mr. Arthur Hughes, and pastels by Mrs. Esther Sutro. The public will be admitted on Monday next.

THE Burlington Fine-Art Club's exhibition of Dutch pictures of the seventeenth century will be closed on the 22nd inst.

THE death has to be recorded of Sir R. Murdoch Smith, Director of the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh. As a subaltern in the Engineers he commanded the sappers employed in the excavation of Halicarnassus under the late Sir Charles Newton. He afterwards—from November, 1860, to November, 1861—made excavations in the Cyrenaica, in conjunction with Mr. E. A. Porcher, and in 1865 they brought out a handsome folio, 'Recent Discoveries at Cyrene.' Subsequently he took up Persian art, and did much to add to the collection of Persian work at South Kensington, besides writing the 'Manual of Persian Art' in the 'South Kensington Handbooks' (1876). Afterwards he became the head of the Department. For the last fifteen years he had been at the head of the Edinburgh Museum, and was chairman of the managers of the Scottish Portrait Gallery.—Sir Thomas Farrell, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Art, died on Monday. Several statues by him have been erected in Dublin.

AN international art exhibition will be held at Munich in honour of the eightieth birthday of Prince Luitpold of Bavaria, under the auspices of the two chief associations of Munich artists—the Künstlergenossenschaft and the Secession. The managing committee will be composed of Prof. F. v. Uhde, Dr. Fr. v. Lenbach (presidents), Prof. Hans Petersen, and Benno Becker (secretaries).

THE Danish archaeological expedition to North Africa, which has been furnished at the cost of the Carlsberger Fund, started last month from Copenhagen to begin excavations on the site of the ancient Cyrene.

THE comprehensive and careful works which, under the direction of M. Jambon, have been carried on at the Château de Malmaison, at the entire cost of M. Oairis, being nearly completed, the latter will shortly offer the restored building

to the Minister of the Fine Arts as the representative of the French nation.

At the sale of the pictures collected by the late Col. Merlin in the Hôtel Drouot, which occurred on the 27th ult., 'Le Matin,' by Corot, was sold for 32,600 francs, and 'Le Soir,' 34,000 fr.; 'La Seine à Mantes,' by C. F. Daubigny, 32,500 fr.; 'Bords de la Loire,' by Harpignies, 16,400 fr.; 'La Visite au Château,' by Isabey, 14,900 fr.; 'Les Feuilles Mortes,' by A. Mauve, 22,100 fr.; 'Salomé,' by G. Moreau, 11,500 fr.; and 'Perplexité,' by A. Stevens, 9,000 fr.

MUSIC

THE WEEK.

COVENT GARDEN.—'Lucia di Lammermoor'; 'Die Meistersinger.'

QUEEN'S HALL.—Philharmonic Concert.

DONIZETTI'S 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' performed on Tuesday evening at Covent Garden, is an opera very much out of date. Wagner—in early life, at any rate—held Bellini in fairly high esteem, but the references to Donizetti in his writings show antipathy to that composer. In Bellini Wagner found simplicity, sincerity, and charm, while Donizetti appeared to him an imitator, more or less vulgar, of Rossini. 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' however, though old-fashioned, is occasionally revived, and with Madame Melba in the title rôle lives again, if only for the evening. The *prima donna* was in splendid voice, and in the mad scene achieved a triumph; in the art of vocalization she has no rival.

'Die Meistersinger' followed on Wednesday evening, and the performance was one of great interest. Frau Gadske impersonated Eva; the quality of some of her high notes may have been somewhat harsh, and her acting at times a little too matter-of-fact, yet there was very much to admire and praise. M. Jean de Reszke was the Walther, and from the very beginning the tone of his beautiful voice, and the reserved manner in which he used it, showed that there was genuine reason for his recent failures to appear as announced. Yet, in spite of his inability to render justice to himself, he sang with his usual grace and skill. Herr van Rooy was the Hans Sachs. His singing was extremely fine, but his conception of that important part, though sound, seemed to us unfinished, and at times there was even a certain lack of dignity. Herr Friederichs was an excellent Beckmesser; that difficult part was conceived and carried out by him in the right spirit. Herr Klopfer was good as Pogner, although there was a lack of variety in the tone of his voice. Herr Muhlmann, as Kothner, and Herr Breuer, as David, deserve commendation. Herr Motil conducted, and was in his best form.

The seventh and final Philharmonic Concert took place on Thursday in last week, and Mr. F. H. Cowen may be congratulated on the result of the labours of the season. We will not say that the performances have been ideal; a certain effort on the part of the conductor shows that as yet the players, if not against, are not entirely with him; they do not, as it were, anticipate and thus intensify his wishes. The orchestral playing has been, however, excellent, and the rendering of the Schumann Symphony in D minor—without a break between the movements according to the intention of the com-

poser, an intention rarely honoured—last week was most praiseworthy. The programme included a Concertstück in B flat for pianoforte and orchestra, composed by Mr. F. H. Cowen, and the interpreter of the solo part was M. Paderewski, for whom the work was expressly written. The thematic matter is interesting, particularly the quaint opening theme, and a characteristic one in the key of the relative minor, which appears later on. And yet, somehow or other, the impression produced by the whole was vague. The music, after the manner of Liszt, is rhapsodical, the solo part especially showing the influence of that composer. Or let us put it more plainly. Virtuosity often seems to exist therein for its own sake; it is not, as in the concertos of Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, part and parcel, as it were, of an organic development. M. Paderewski played with great earnestness and brilliancy; the success of the work was, therefore, for the time assured. By way of encore the pianist gave Chopin's Étude in E, Op. 10, No. 3, but weakened the poetry of the little tone-poem. M. Paderewski, like most great pianists, occasionally oversteps the line which divides sentiment from sentimentality. His best Chopin playing is of a much higher order.

Musical Gossip.

AN original comic opera in one act, 'The Registry Office,' music by Mr. Harry Farjeon (Goring Thomas Scholar), libretto by his sister, Miss Eleanor Farjeon, was performed for the first time at St. George's Hall on June 29th. A year ago we noticed 'Floretta,' also written and composed by these two youthful aspirants after operatic fame. They are both talented, and with time and experience will, we believe, produce something of sterling value. Mr. Farjeon's music is fresh, taking, and clever, and of much promise. He may not always escape the commonplace, yet, as he takes no special heed to avoid it, his writing is neither forced nor affected. The opera was successfully produced under the skilful direction of Mr. G. H. Betjemann, who superintends the opera class at the Royal Academy of Music.

At his second recital at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, Herr Kubelik essayed the Mendelssohn Concerto with pianoforte accompaniment. His playing of the solo passages was marked by extreme neatness, and, as usual, his intonation was throughout beyond reproach. There was, however, no depth of sentiment, neither in his reading was there any trace of individuality. The music was played, and well played—that was all. The extraordinary technical facility of the young artist was manifested in various show pieces, all of which were interpreted with notable brilliancy.

MISS MAUD MACCARTHY gave a violin recital at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening. Her programme included two great sonatas for violin and pianoforte: Beethoven in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, and Brahms in A, Op. 100. In both works the young violinist played with purity and refinement, and, especially in the second sonata, with great feeling. Mr. Donald Tovey was the pianist. His technique is excellent, and his quiet, artistic playing deserves commendation; he, too, was at his best in the Brahms music. Miss MacCarthy also performed several short solos with genuine success.

HERR MAHLER with his Philharmonic orchestra and the Vienna Männergesangverein, under the direction of Herr Kremser, appear to have obtained wonderful success at Paris. At their first concert Herr Mahler, in consequence of a

prolonged fainting fit, was unable to carry out the whole of his share of the programme, but at the close he displayed his wonted energy.

THREE grand concerts will be given at the Trocadéro, Paris, on August 4th, 6th, and 7th. The vocal part of the programme will be performed by 120 selected Norwegian singers under the direction of Herr O. A. Grøndahl. A Paris orchestra will have as conductors MM. Iver Holter and Johan S. Svendsen, two Norwegian composers of repute.

THE death is announced of Marie Krebs, a talented pianist, who made her first appearance in England at the Crystal Palace in 1864. She frequently played at the Popular Concerts, where she soon became a favourite. She made many and successful tours through Germany, Italy, France, Holland, and also America. Marie Krebs was born at Dresden in 1851, and first appeared in public at the age of eleven.

THE *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* of June 29th states that Franz Schubert's one-act opera 'Der häusliche Krieg' is to be given at the Paris Opéra Comique. A translation of Castelli's libretto by M. Victor Wilder will be used. The opera, produced at Frankfurt thirty-one years after the death of Schubert, was played at the Paris Fantaiesies Parisiennes already in 1868.

ACCORDING to the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, Herr von Possart, Intendant of the Munich Opera-house, has been interviewed by a correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and has declared that when the Prinzregententheater has been built and firmly established he will have achieved his aim, and resign office.

THE death is announced at Badenweiler of Bartholf Senff, the well-known publisher and editor of the Leipzig *Signale für die musikalische Welt*, a paper which he founded in the year 1843. Senff was born in 1818.

PERFORMANCES NEXT WEEK.

MON.	M. Kubelik's Violin Recital, 5, St. James's Hall.
TUES.	Opera, 'Tanhauser,' 8, Covent Garden.
WED.	Mr. H. C. F. C. C. C. Concert, 3, Salle Erard.
THUR.	Opera, Covent Garden.
FRI.	Opera, Covent Garden.
SAT.	Opera, Covent Garden.

DRAMA

GARRICK AND DRURY LANE.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON have courteously allowed me to examine the most interesting series, which they will sell on Wednesday next, of thirteen MS. diaries, recording in strict chronological order the various pieces produced at Drury Lane Theatre during Garrick's management, and the interest of the series is undeniably great. These MSS. with other Garrick property formerly belonged to Garrick's widow, who consigned them to the care of her solicitors, and it is only by an accident that they were discovered at all, and equally an accident, perhaps, that they were not destroyed. The entries extend from 1747 to 1776, and their interest and value lie perhaps not so much in the exceedingly conscientious entries themselves as in the occasional comments on various plays and actors and actresses. It is, indeed, these which give life to what would otherwise be a bald record. Just as Boswell's garrulous prating and comment-making enliven the dry-bones of Dr. Johnson's career, so do the quaint and often informing remarks in these volumes give them a distinctly fascinating character.

But who, it will be asked, compiled these laborious lists? They are clearly written by two persons, both of whom must have been officially connected with the theatre. The compiler of the earlier volumes gives several clues as to his identity, which time alone has prevented me from following up. On Friday, April 29th, 1748, we have "Alchymist" and "Dragon" for myself and wife," clearly a benefit performance. On April 29th of the following year we

have, "Much Ado" and a farce of my own call'd 'The Henpeck'd Captain; or, the Humours of ye Militia,'" and on this the comment, "The farce damn'd before half over." In November, 1750, there is this memorandum: "My son Dick taken up for playing Timoleon at ye Tennis Court and dismissed by Jus. Fielding." Yet another entry in this connexion, in December, 1755: "My son had his oratorio at ye Haymarket ('Acis and Galatea'), all well." With these clues, of course, the identity of the earlier compiler of these valuable records should not be difficult.

The title of the earliest of these volumes is thus indicated on the first leaf:—

"Plays acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane beginning September 15th, 1747, under ye direction of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy, Patentees—the king having granted an additional patent of 21 years to ye old one—Mr. Garrick being in it—he left Mr. Rich, and brought with him Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, and several other performers."

Drury Lane Theatre, as all the world knows, was opened under Garrick's management on Tuesday, September 15th, 1747, with 'The Merchant of Venice,' and for the first three weeks a Shakspearean play was staged on an average twice a week. On Wednesday, November 25th, the 'Alchymist' and 'George Dandin' (by or after Molière) were staged, with the result that the latter was "damn'd before 1st act over." To the entry of January 20th of 'Orphan' and 'Virgin Unmasked' there is the comment, "An apology made for Mrs. Cibber being ill, tho' she play'd her part." On Saturday, February 13th, of the same year 'The Foundling,' by E. Moore, "the author's first play," met "with universal applause," and it ran for eleven consecutive nights; at the end of the seventh night there is the following exceedingly interesting comment:—

"There was a report that my Lord Hubbard had made a party this night to hiss the 'Foundling' off the stage, that ye reason was it ran too long, and they wanted variety of entertainments. Mr. Garrick was sent for, he met 'em and so far prevailed that they promised peace till after the 9th night. However, there was an attempt made by one cat call, and an apple thrown at Macklin and some other efforts made by a few, but without effect..... I believe the main cause of their anger, in spite of their excuses, was their being refus'd admittance behind the scenes."

But 'The Foundling' was produced several times after this.

The reception of Dr. Johnson's 'Irene' is so exhaustively told by Boswell that very little need be said of it here; but under the dates of February 6th and 7th, 1749, we have a succinct record of it: "'Irene,' written by Mr. Johnson—went off very well for 4 acts, ye 5th Hiss'd generally," and "5th act hiss'd again." On March 9th of the same year we read, "'Othello.' Mr. Garrick first played Iago." On September 8th of the same year we have this amusing entry:—

"Much Ado about Nothing." It being the first time of Mr. Garrick's playing since his marriage, the jests in Benedick were received with uncommon applause. He married Mad. Violette, June 22nd, 1749."

The production of Otway's 'Friendship in Fashion,' on January 22nd, 1750, resulted in a totally unexpected sensation, as the following lengthy note shows:—

"Mr. Woodward did ye part of Malagene, in which he took off Mr. Foote, and would have many of ye actors, but the audience grew so outrageous, that ye was forc'd to desist, ye 4th and 5 acts were much hooted, Mr. Harvard in a part where he says 'Whir' was severely treated, nor could he ever appear after in ye play but the whole audience echo'd that word—it was given out again [i.e., the play was announced], which so enraged the audience y^t they called loudly for Garrick, but as he was not this night at the house, they pull'd up the benches, tore down ye kings arms, and would have done much more mischief had not Mr. Lacy gone into the pit and talk'd to 'em; what they resented was giving out a piece again after they had damn'd it. The Gallery resented ye guards being sent in—Mr. Lacy was obliged to go upon the stage after and tell 'em

I had given out the play again, as ne'er a manager was present to give other directions. In his argument Mr. Lacy call'd a witness in ye pit, saying that gent: next to ye painter knows I was in ye pit when ye guards went into the gallery, so I could not send 'em, this painter after ye rout came behind the scenes and was angry for being called a painter (his name was Hudson) but at length he as well as ye rest was pacified—and we gave out ye 'Provok'd Husband.'"

We have it on the authority of Dr. Johnson that this play was hissed off the stage for its immorality and obscenity. The "painter" whose "name was Hudson" must have been Sir Joshua Reynolds's master.

Audiences were ever fickle, and Garrick had an illustration of this when he produced 'Romeo and Juliet' in September, 1750. On the first occasion "the audience excused Mr. Garrick speaking of a prologue"; but on the next occasion the audience "oblig'd him" to speak it. During the next month this same play was staged at the two great theatres on the same day: "Barry and Mrs. Cibber at Covent Garden. Mr. Garrick and Miss Bellamy at Drury Lane—Miss Bellamy never appeared on this stage before, and was greatly received." That a manager's life is not always a happy one is proved by two entries under the year 1751—February 18th and September 4th respectively: "Mrs. Mariet, our Columbine, ran away with some gentleman"; and "A quarrel in the Green Room between old Cibber and Mrs. Clive, by his saying the stage wanted a handsome woman." Another unforeseen difficulty occurred in connexion with the production of 'The Roman Father' (Whitehead's adaptation of Corneille's 'Horace') and 'Miss in her Teens' (by Garrick himself), on April 18th, 1751: "This house was hurt by Mr. Handel's music at ye Foundling Hospital." Yet another, but of a totally different kind, may be quoted; it occurs under the date January 21st, 1756, when 'Winter's Tale' and 'Catherine and Petrucchio' were staged: "Mrs. Clive fell down in ye farce, and accused Woodward with doing it on purpose."

Dr. Murray will perhaps feel grateful to me for quoting the following extract with the word "Tick." It occurs under date July 2nd, 1754:—

"Mr. The. Cibber had a play at Drury Lane (ye 'Busybody' and farce from ye 2nd part of 'Henry IV.'), and had 140 pounds in money and 66 in Tick."

Finally, one quotation may be made in connexion with Garrick's attempt to introduce French dancers on the stage at Drury Lane. The episode is told at considerable length in all the lives of the great actor. How serious was the opposition is shown from the following note under date November 18th, 1755:—

"This night the Riot was very great. The gentlemen came with sticks.....and drove many out of the Pit, and broken heads were plenty..... Justice[s] Fielding and Welch came with constables and a guard..... Garrick was obliged to give up the dancers."

These few extracts will, I think, fully prove the great interest of the MS. notebooks which have been recovered in so curious and unexpected a way. The sidelights which they throw on Garrick and the plays which he produced at Drury Lane, and on the actors and actresses which he employed, are exceedingly varied, and it must be admitted very interesting. The volumes are well worth printing, and it is to be hoped that at no distant date they may be published by some such careful editor as Dr. Birkbeck Hill. W. ROBERTS.

Dramatic Gossip.

In the revival of 'The Bells' at the Lyceum, Miss Dorothea Baird appeared as Annette, Miss Maud Milton as Catherine, Miss Brenda Gibson as Sozel, Sir Henry Irving as Mathias, Mr. Charles Dodsworth as Walter, Mr. Stanford as Christian, Mr. Tyars as the President of the Court, and Mr. Archer as the Mesmerist.

THE injunction sought by Mr. W. S. Gilbert against Miss Janette Steer, in order to restrain her from presenting his 'Pygmalion and Galatea' and 'Comedy and Tragedy' in a manner of which he does not approve, has been refused, and the two plays still constitute the bill at the Comedy Theatre.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER is credited with the intention of appearing in 'La Du Barry,' adapted by Mr. David Belasco from the French of M. Jean Richépin.

A COUPLE of weeks will witness the close of the season at many West-End theatres. 'Madame Butterfly' and 'Miss Hobbs' will be withdrawn from the Duke of York's on the 13th, and 'Rip van Winkle' from Her Majesty's on the 20th. The St. James's and Terry's are already closed, and, as has been said, the season at the Royalty will end on the 14th. 'Zaza' will not be removed from the Garrick until a fortnight later.

'A SILVER WOOING,' by Messrs. E. Ferriss and P. Heriot, was produced on Monday at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, a principal part being taken by Mr. Hermann Vezin. 'Val of the 25th,' a one-act piece by the same writers, was also given.

THE third act of Mr. Grundy's 'Sowing the Wind' was given at the Haymarket at a benefit performance. Miss Emery, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. Sidney Brough, reappeared in their original parts.

MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY appeared on Monday at Brighton as the heroine of her own comedy 'My Lady Dainty.' Her supporters included Mr. Oswald Yorke, Mr. Lawrence d'Orsay, Miss Ethel Herbert, and Miss Earle.

OF Mr. Buchanan's adaptation from Dumas, 'The Queen's Necklace,' the production has been deferred by Mrs. Langtry until the autumn.

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN contemplates producing the new play he has obtained from Mr. Henry Arthur Jones both at the Empire Theatre, New York, and the Duke of York's, London. Among plays for which he has contracted are an adaptation of 'Red Pottage' by the author of the novel and Mr. Kinsey Peile, a second by Miss Fletcher of Mr. Locke's 'Idols,' and a third, presumably by Mr. Stanley Weyman, of 'A Gentleman of France.'

CAPT. MARSHALL has engaged to supply the Haymarket management with a military play, dealing in part with the Boer war. There is a probability of its production at an early date.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY, whose tenure of the Prince of Wales's is nearly over, proposes in the autumn to open another West-End theatre.

'THE IRONSIDES,' by Messrs. Arthur Paterson and Charles Cartwright, is to be seen at the Globe Theatre. Mr. Cartwright will play Oliver Cromwell, a part essayed by many actors with indifferent success.

THE library of the late Mr. T. J. McKee, of New York, is to be sold in that city. It is especially strong in dramatic literature, containing a number of seventeenth-century quartos, although Shakespeare is represented only by 'Sir John Oldcastle' (1600) and the 'Raigne of King Edward the Third' (1599). There are several Chapman quartos, including 'The Blinde Beggar of Alexandria' (1598). There are several early American plays as well as much American poetry in the library.

HAMLET is not without honour in his own country. We hear that a statue has been erected to him at Elsinore. It is the work of the Danish sculptor Miss Nielsen.

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